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Fifth Series, }
Volume LXIV. }

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{ From Beginning,
Vol. CLXXIX. }

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THE CHEVALIER'S LAMENT.

THE small birds rejoice in the green leaves'
returning,
The murmuring streamlet winds clear thro'
the vale,
The primroses blow in the dews of the morn-
ing,
And wild scatter'd cowslips bedeck the
green dale:
But what can give pleasure, or what can
seem fair,
When the lingering moments are numbered
wi' care?
No birds sweetly singing, nor flow'rs gaily
springing,
Can soothe the sad bosom of joyless despair.

The deed that I dar'd, could it merit their
malice?
A king and a father to place on his throne!
His right are these hills, and his right are
these valleys,
Where the wild beasts find shelter, tho' I
can find none.
But 'tis not *my* suff'rings, thus wretched,
forlorn!
My brave gallant friends, 'tis *your* ruin I
mourn;
Your faith proved so loyal in hot bloody trial —
Alas! can I make it no better return!
Jacobite Songs.

LOSS.

SOMETHING is gone:
I know it by this pain:
But yesterday I had it,
To-morrow though I bade it,
It would not come again.

Something is gone:
What shall we that thing call?
A touch, a tone, that thrilled me,
A hidden joy that filled me?
Say, that is all.

And now 'tis gone,
Lightly as first it came;
The sky a little colder,
The heart a little older,
All else the same.

All else the same?
O death, all-covering sea!
Come with thy floods and drown me;
That thing I sought to crown me
Was all the world to me.

GAIN.

SOMETHING has come:
I felt it yestereve:
The lark on high was singing,
The happy church-bells ringing;
How could I grieve?

I could not grieve.
An old man weary lay;
I lifted up his burden,
He blessed me, and in guerdon
Mine slipped away.

It slipped away.
There came a child in pain;
I soothed it, and soon after
A burst of April laughter
Followed the rain.

How could I grieve?
O blessed human heart!
That in the joy of giving
Hast found the bliss of living,
Up, play thy part!

Strive, and not rest!
Rest here below is none.
Beneath a sky o'erarching
The hosts of men are marching:
Angels look on.

Yet not in dark,
Nor wholly sad thy way;
But here in sunny meadows,
There overcast with shadows;
So runs our day.
Spectator. A. G. B.

DIVIDED.

"Yet will I but say what mere friends say,
Or only a thought stronger;
I will hold your hand but as long as all may,
Or so very little longer!"
ROBERT BROWNING.

WE stand so far apart,
Two graves between us lie —
Mine, with a cross at its head,
And flowers strewn o'er the bed,
Of the forgotten dead
Who dreamless sleeps below.

Yours is an empty grave,
Untenanted and bare,
But you fashioned it so deep,
That forever it must keep
Us apart, although we weep,
With close clasped hands above.

You dug it in the past,
Ere I had seen your face,
And it is so deep and wide
That it parts me from your side,
Not the grave of him who died,
Who loved me long ago.

Yet, though the grave is deep,
And we stand not side by side,
Yet none other is so near,
No one else is half so dear,
Naught can come between us here,
Or loose our close-clasped hands.
Academy. F. P.

From The Fortnightly Review.

PALMYRA: PAST AND PRESENT.

"PALMYRA is a city remarkable for its situation, for the richness of its soil, and for its pleasant streams; surrounded by sandy deserts, and cut off by nature herself from the world; placed between the two mighty empires of Rome and Parthia; and therefore of great importance in the perpetual wars between these two nations." Thus wrote Pliny, and beyond another short allusion by Appian, we know little of the history of Palmyra until the days of Valerian. We can, however, trace back its origin to the earliest times, under the ancient name of Tadmour, by which it is known to the Arabs to this day. Two causes led to the building of the city midway in the desert. It lay in the most direct route between the east and west, and it was the only spot where a plentiful supply of water could be procured. Caravans of the richest merchandise of the East would pass along the Persian Gulf through the south of Persia to the Euphrates, and along that river until they reached the narrowest part of the Syrian desert. The "pleasant streams" of Palmyra would then attract them as a convenient halting-place before they started for their destinations in Asia Minor or on the seacoast of Syria. King Solomon, with his customary wisdom, perceived the value of this oasis in the desert. Gold, silver, ivory, apes, peacocks, and other luxuries were brought every three years by his navy, but he understood the commercial benefit which would result from a land route between east and west which should pass through his dominions. So we read in the Second Book of Chronicles that Solomon built store-cities and chariot-cities in Syria, "and he built Tadmor in the wilderness." Josephus tells us of this; "He built it because in that place there were fountains and wells of water, while in the upper part of Syria there were none." And again: "Solomon went as far as the desert above Syria and possessed himself of it, and built there a very great city, which is distant two days' journey from upper Syria. Now the reason why this city lay so remote from the parts of Syria that are inhabited is this, that

below there is no water to be had; and that it is in this place only that there are springs and pits of water. When he had therefore built this city and encompassed it with very strong walls, he gave it the name of Thadamora (Tadmor), and that is the name that it is still called by at this day among the Syrians; but the Greeks name it Palmyra."

As he had foreseen, Solomon at once attracted the commerce of the East through his kingdom, and by imposing taxes his treasury was greatly benefited. For we read in Chronicles immediately after the building of the store and fenced cities that "the weight of gold that came to Solomon in one year was six hundred threescore and six talents of gold; *beside that he had of the merchantmen and of the traffic of Arabia and of the governors of the country.*" Palmyra soon became a large and important city; and afterwards, when the two great nations of the East and West, the Romans and the Parthians, were fighting for the supremacy, we find its inhabitants playing a leading part in the history of the Eastern world.

Nothing is more striking to the British tourist than that a natural road which existed in old days has now fallen into almost complete disuse. This distance is short; for from Beyrout by Baalbec or Damascus to Palmyra is about one hundred and fifty miles, and on to the Euphrates another one hundred and fifty. The whole distance, therefore, from the Mediterranean by Palmyra and the Euphrates to Bagdad, is about the same as from London to Glasgow. Capital and enterprise are alone required to reopen this route. Unfortunately, the reigning power in Syria is not likely to imitate King Solomon except in the imposition of taxes; and as all commercial undertakings are rendered unprofitable through misgovernment and jealousy, until there is a new order of things the route will only be traversed by occasional caravans and by inquisitive European tourists. But to return to our subject. As Palmyra grew into a wealthy commercial centre, it increased in architectural beauty and political influence; until in the reign of Valerian it reached the summit of its fame, and the story of

its sensational rise and fall became the theme of historians such as Vopiscus, Zosimus, and Trebellius Pollio. This story has been repeated from time to time, but as I have lately returned from a delightful trip there, I cannot refrain from recalling the incidents which still seem to haunt "the city of palms" and to surround it with a halo of romance.

After having conquered Tigranes and Mithridates, Pompey added Syria to the empire of the republic, and it became one of the most flourishing of the Roman provinces. The wealth of Palmyra, which lay just beyond the desert frontier, soon attracted attention, and Marc Antony (40 B.C.), after his victory at Philippi, sent his cavalry to plunder it under the pretence that the inhabitants were not sufficiently in the Roman interest. The Palmyrenes, thinking discretion the better part of valor, wisely removed their valuables to the other side of the Euphrates, and the cupidity of Antony was thus frustrated. Owing to their isolated position, they seem for the next two hundred years to have been semi-independent. As early as Vespasian this "island of fertile land surrounded with a sea of barren sands" was a commonwealth ready to espouse the cause of the strongest of the neighboring powers. Thus when the Romans under Trajan proved themselves superior to the Parthians, the Palmyrenes declared for Rome. They formally submitted to Hadrian (130 A.D.), when that emperor made a triumphant progress through Syria into Egypt, and were treated by him with clemency and even generosity. As is well known, Hadrian's hobby was architecture. In his travels he delighted in constructing aqueducts and harbors, and he is famous for the numerous buildings he erected at Rome, Athens, and elsewhere. The Palmyrenes, who out of gratitude for favors received had assumed the name of Hadrianopolitæ, were soon infected with their benefactor's rage for building, and it was at this time that they commenced to adorn their city. Roman ideas of design and embellishment were carried out with Oriental originality and taste; and it is this that has given to the Palmyrene architecture the undefinable

charm which late Roman art does not elsewhere possess. The commonwealth soon felt the irksomeness of Roman patronage. In 248 A.D. the harsh and arbitrary rule of Priscus, who was governor of Syria for the emperor Philip, caused serious revolts, and the Palmyrenes seized this opportunity to declare their complete independence. They chose the moment well, for the Roman power was waning, and the Persians were rapidly overrunning the East. Sapor, their king, had already become a formidable rival to Rome. He had seized the towns of Carrhæ and Nisibis; had spread devastation and terror on either side of the Euphrates; and had conquered and annexed Armenia, the ally of Rome. Valerian, the emperor, now advanced to put an end to the victorious progress of the Persian king, and to drive him back to his Eastern kingdom. For a time success attended his arms, and Sapor retreated to Emesa. But the emperor following too rashly was here caught in a trap. He was betrayed by the evil counsel of a trusted friend, was surrounded by the countless cavalry of the enemy, was forced into a conference, and was then taken prisoner. In captivity he was subjected to the most degrading insults. King Sapor is even said to have mounted his horse by placing his foot on the neck of the kneeling emperor. He did not, however, live long to suffer this ill-treatment, and after his death as a final indignity his skin was stuffed and preserved as a trophy in the chief temple of the Persians. The defeat at Emesa was a terrible blow to Roman prestige. For the first time one of her emperors was a captive; and the Roman purple was as much tarnished by the vicious indolence of Gallienus, the son, as by the disgrace of the father. The East was almost lost to the empire, as the Persians had overrun Syria, Silicia, and destroyed the capital of Cappadocia. At this moment one man alone opposed King Sapor successfully, and that man was Odenathus, the Palmyrene, a descendant of Odheyna, who had formerly obtained the sovereignty of eastern Syria from Marcus Aurelius. A wealthy senator, a mighty hunter, and a brave soldier, Odenathus was a splendid type of an Arab

chief who commanded the affection and admiration of his fellow-citizens and of the wandering Arab tribes, the Ishmaelites of Syria. When Palmyra declared itself independent he was the acknowledged head of those tribes and commander-in-chief of the Palmyrene army, his father being prince of Palmyra with the title of Septimius granted by Septimius Severus for services rendered in the war against Niger. Four years later his father died, and he became prince and Septimius. This was in 252 A.D., and eight years later the Roman emperor was a prisoner in the hands of the Persians. Odenathus rose to the occasion. He first sent rich presents to Sapor and demanded the release of Valerian. "Who is this Odenathus," said the Persian conqueror, "who thus insolently presumes to write to his lord? Let him prostrate himself before our throne with his hands tied behind him, or swift destruction shall be poured on his head, his race, and his country." Sapor soon found that the Palmyrene had no intention of doing him homage. The Palmyrene army, strengthened by the swift cavalry of the Bedouins, marched out under Odenathus and his wife, the famous Zenobia. The Persians were defeated, their treasure taken, and their women seized. Sapor fled back to Persia, and the East was reconquered for Rome. For this signal service Odenathus received the title of Augustus from a grateful Roman Senate, and was received as a colleague in the empire by Gallienus. He was now king of the East and partner in the imperial purple, and coins were struck in the united names of Gallienus and Odenathus. The latter, however, did not live long to enjoy his honors. He was returning from an expedition in Asia Minor, from which he had driven the Goths, and at Emesa organized a great hunting expedition, his favorite pastime. During the chase his nephew, Mæonius, threw a javelin at a wild beast that was passing in front of the king, which naturally irritated him. In spite of a stern reproof the young man repeated the offence, which so enraged Odenathus that he gave orders for his imprisonment and for his horse to be taken away from him — a terrible disgrace to an

Oriental. At the instance of Herodes, the eldest son of Odenathus, and stepson of Zenobia, Mæonius was liberated, but the injury was not forgotten. Shortly after, at a banquet given in honor of the king's victories, Mæonius suddenly drew his sword and killed both Odenathus and his son, and was himself slain by those present. Such was the tragic end of the man who had saved the Roman power in the East, and had brought the name of Palmyra to the highest glory. His young widow, the warlike and beautiful Zenobia, succeeded him, and assumed the title of Augusta and Queen of the East, A.D. 263.

Before narrating subsequent events it may be as well to give some account of the city of Palmyra as it was at that time. "Tadmor in the wilderness," as a description, gives a very erroneous idea of its former magnificence. Its situation is beautiful, and not at all desert-like. To the west it is guarded by a range of conical-shaped hills, hiding from the city all view of the grey desert which stretches out towards the Anti-Libanus. In the pass leading through these hills to the city stood, and still stand, the tomb-towers of the Palmyrenes. Although in their houses and streets they adopted the Roman style, in their places for burial they adhered to Asiatic models. The poorer citizens were buried in underground or cave sepulchres, but the wealthy families could afford to erect these lofty sepulchral towers, which they adorned internally and externally to make them fit resting-places for their honored dead. Handsome portals led to chambers in which were side recesses separated by pilasters. In these recesses and on stone ledges were placed, one above the other, the biers; and busts and recumbent figures ornamented the wall facing the entrance; panelled ceilings overhead were painted in bright colors, and a narrow stone staircase led to the upper stories, where were similar chambers. The towers were about sixty feet in height and tapered to the top, and the culture of the Palmyrenes was shown by the bi-lingual inscriptions in Greek and Aramaic which each tower bore. Below the valley of the tombs, on a level slightly higher than the surrounding plain, stood

the city, walled round with strong ramparts, and covering nearly two square miles of ground. To the east of the city, and overlooking it, rose the great Temple of the Sun, built on foundations of King Solomon's time, and perhaps replacing one consecrated to the worship of the true God. Past the temple, to north, east, and south, lies the desert, extending on every side like an illimitable ocean that no storm-wind can ruffle, and that reflects in some mysterious manner the blue of the heavens. White streaks glisten in the sunshine and mark the great fields of salt; and here and there an undulation in the plain looks like some tender-colored island floating in a great calm sea. In such a setting the temples, palaces, and streets of Palmyra were built of a cold grey stone that time and weather seemed gradually to tinge with a soft yellow radiance. A main street, flanked with a double row of columns, fifteen hundred in number, and forming two colonnades, led through the city and under a splendidly carved triumphal arch to the entrance of the great temple. Each column, with deeply cut Corinthian capital, supported an entablature, and in some cases a second and smaller colonnade rose above the first, whence foot-passengers could watch the busy scene in the street below. Half-way up each of the larger columns, and projecting towards the street, was a stone bracket, on which stood the statue of some worthy citizen, and underneath were inscribed in Palmyrene and Greek characters the virtues or services of the person thus honored. Not only did the Senate and people thus commemorate great deeds, but families were allowed to erect a statue of some beloved member, and in one case a widower thus recorded his grief at the loss of a virtuous wife. On the north side of the grand colonnade, besides ornamental buildings and baths, numerous temples were erected, each one adorned with portico, columns, friezes, entablatures, and ornamental niches for statues. Solitary pillars, some of very great height, rose in the centre of open spaces, monuments of services rendered to the State. On one is written: "The Senate and the people have placed this in honor of Alilamenes and his father Oranes, devoted lovers of their country, and in every respect deserving well of their country and of the immortal gods." On another is the votive inscription of the leader of a commercial caravan. Half-way down the main thoroughfare was a piazza formed by a cross street, which, flanked with columns, led

to one of the chief temples. This piazza was vaulted over, the roof being supported by four massive columns of granite speckled with blue, which had been conveyed here with infinite difficulty from Egypt. At short intervals in the colonnade were portals with arches leading to the palaces and houses of the nobles. At the extreme end of the street, three-quarters of a mile from the triumphal arch, was a portico enriched with a lovely design of great bunches of grapes and vine-leaves. Behind it stood a tomb of one of the Palmyra chiefs, containing massive sarcophagi with sculptural wreaths, and busts in medallions. Stone portraits of the dead reclining on one arm and clothed in Roman costumes showed the taste of the Palmyrenes for Western art. A fine bas-relief of Victory stood out from the wall above the sarcophagi, and, with outspread wings, watched over the warriors who had passed away forever from the sound of strife.

Cross streets led to the temples and other buildings, of which one larger than the rest was a circus with a semicircular row of columns where equestrian feats were practised by the skilled horsemen of Palmyra. The whole city was a scene of bustling activity. Caravans of camels were constantly arriving from east and west, and an ever-changing crowd of natives in the picturesque costumes of Persia, Armenia, and other Oriental countries thronged its thoroughfares. In the market-place to the west of the great temple the chief business of the city was transacted. Here the bright-colored dresses of buyers and sellers, the rich and rare goods, the silks, embroideries, and Oriental finery, the horses and camels with their gay trappings, all with a background of classical architecture, formed a scene which could not be surpassed for gorgeousness and brilliancy in any other part of the world. And looking down upon all this stood the great Temple of the Sun, the tutelar deity of the Palmyrenes. A broad flight of steps led up to a richly carved gateway in the wall which surrounded the temple. This wall, some seven hundred feet square, was decorated externally and internally with a succession of Corinthian pilasters on Attic bases, between which were windows with ornamented pediments; and above the pilasters ran a rich frieze and sculptured cornice. Inside the courtyard was lined by a double row of columns, and in the centre stood the temple itself. Around it was a peristyle of one hundred and forty columns, and the

entrance, contrary to custom, faced the setting sun. The portal was most imposing with its tall fluted columns, each with a brazen capital; and the gateway was adorned with the favorite design of vine-leaves and clusters of grapes. A small chamber to the north had a beautiful ceiling with a large stone in the centre hollowed out into a dome. Surrounding this dome was a circular border with the twelve signs of the zodiac, and the whole ceiling was divided into compartments beautifully carved and fretted, and enclosing busts in high relief. To the south was another chamber equally rich in ornament, and the whole cella was embellished with elaborately carved windows and niches for statues. At each end of the temple were two Ionic half-columns with Corinthian capitals in brass. No particular style of architecture had been adopted. The Palmyrenes had borrowed ideas from all parts of the world: Corinthian columns and capitals; Ionic pilasters; designs of fruits, flowers, and leaves, with patterns some classic, some barbaric. From Egypt may have come the symbol carved on the ceiling of the entrance gateway, of a great eagle with outstretched wings hovering overhead on a groundwork of stars, and supported by beneficent genii. In this citadel-like temple the worship of Helios, the great sun-god, was celebrated with all the pomp and ceremony of Roman magnificence combined with Oriental superstition. To the south of the temple from the hills flowed a river, and on its banks grew the palm-trees, which gave the name of Palmyra to the city. Beyond were the orchard and fields watered by many streams, luxuriant foliage and waving corn-fields forming a beautiful foreground to the endless distances of the desert.

Such was the home of Zenobia, whose supreme authority the surrounding countries were gradually being brought to acknowledge. The handsomest, bravest, most learned, and most chaste of women was at the time of Odenathus's death little more than a girl in years. She had proved herself an experienced huntress and a brave warrior, for, like her husband, she delighted in the pleasures of the chase, and by his side had tasted the excitement of war. She was a brunette, with sparkling black eyes, "beyond measure lively, divinely expressive, and of incredible beauty;" and her teeth were so dazzlingly white "that many thought them pearls rather than teeth." On great occasions she was dressed, as we picture Minerva,

with a helmet on her head, and across her forehead was a purple band fringed with jewels. Her dress was fastened at the waist by diamond ornaments, and sleeves hanging from the shoulder left her shapely arms bare. She lived with royal pomp, receiving adoration like the Persian monarchs, and banqueting like the Roman emperors. At these banquets she would drink with her chief officers out of golden goblets set with jewels. She was temperate in drink as in all things, but found that wine loosened the tongues of her captains, and of the Persians and Armenians who surrounded her, and she was thus enabled to dive into their secrets. Sometimes she used a chariot, but more frequently rode on horseback. At other times she would walk great distances on foot at the head of her infantry. She was not, however, only a warrior and huntress. She was equally eminent for her learning, having studied the Greek authors and poets under the celebrated Longinus. This philosopher had quitted Athens, where his position as literary critic was unrivalled, to live in the East where he had been born, and which attracted him back even from that great seat of learning. Zenobia was not only proficient in Greek but also studied Latin, and was so well acquainted with the Egyptian language and with the history of the East that she was able to compile an abridged history for her own use. Her character was well summed up by Aurelian in one of his despatches: "She is prudent in council, firm of purpose, an experienced general, generous when necessary, severe when severity is justice." It is said that she was almost persuaded to become a Christian, but by what means we learn nothing. It is certain, however, that she was no fanatic in religious matters, as she tolerated Christianity in her dominions, and would not allow the churches of the Christians to be converted into synagogues. Learned, daring, and ambitious, she commenced her reign by gaining victory after victory. Despising the imbecile Gallienus, whose indolence and vicious incapacity had brought the Roman power so low, she threw off the alliance with Rome, marched against the Roman general, and, meeting him on the borders of Persia, destroyed his whole army. She then sent her trusted general Zabdas to conquer Egypt, and, having made peace with Persia, assumed the imperial purple and the titles of Augusta and Queen of the East. Her youthful sons she showed to her people also clothed in purple, and

proclaimed to the world her sovereign power and independence. In the mean time Gallienus died and was succeeded by Claudius. The fear which the Palmyrene successes had now inspired at Rome may be gathered from the fact that when Claudius was elected, the Senate cried out five times: "O Emperor Claudius! deliver us from the Palmyrenes;" and then seven times: "O Emperor Claudius! rescue us from Zenobia." After two years' reign, during which he was too much engaged in the Gothic war to attend to his Eastern dominions, Claudius died of the plague, wisely recommending his general, Aurelian, as his successor. This great emperor soon reasserted everywhere the power of the Roman arms. Having conquered the Goths, the Vandals, and the Alemanni, having subdued rebellions in Gaul, Spain, and Britain, having completely pacified the West, he turned his attention to the East, where Zenobia now ruled supreme. Aurelian crossed Asia Minor without experiencing much resistance, and when near Antioch met the Palmyrene army advancing against him. Zenobia in person led her forces, which were composed of light archers and heavy cavalry. The latter clothed in complete armor of steel had hitherto been invincible; but Aurelian, knowing of the heaviness of their armor and their superiority as horsemen, resolved upon a stratagem. He gave orders to the Roman horse, not to attack first, but to allow the enemy to charge and then pretend to fly. This was done until the Palmyrenes and their horses, being tired out by the excessive heat and heavy weight, fell an easy prey to the Romans. After the rout of the cavalry, Zenobia with Zabdas her general fled into Antioch, and fearing a revolt in that city if the defeat became known, a man who resembled Aurelian was led through the streets a captive in chains. This trick imposed upon the inhabitants for the moment, and when night came the remaining part of the Palmyrene army stole out of the city and retreated to Emesa. Here preparations were made for a final battle. When the Romans appeared in sight, Zenobia drew up her forces in front of the town, appeared in armor at the head of her troops, and defied Aurelian to the combat. The Palmyrene cavalry revenged their former defeat by almost annihilating the Roman horse, but the work of the day rested chiefly with the infantry. After a stubborn fight the Palmyrenes, who seemed unable to defend themselves at close quarters against the

clubs and quarter-staves of the Palestinians, being unaccustomed to such weapons, gave way before the mixed forces of the Roman emperor, and fled, leaving large numbers dead on the field. Zenobia now returned in haste to Palmyra. Her treasures of gold, silk, and precious stones fell into the hands of Aurelian, who pursued her as quickly as he could, his march being much harassed by the Bedouins of the desert. Then commenced the last act of the drama; a long siege of the wealthy capital. The walls were strong and well defended, and the Palmyrenes jeered at the Romans from the ramparts, confident in their own strength and in the hope of Persian reinforcements. A story is narrated by Zosimus which shows how closely a city was invested in those days. A Palmyrene soldier chaffed the emperor himself from the walls, and taunted him with his inability to take the town. A Persian offered to shoot the man for his insolence, and having obtained permission from Aurelian concealed himself behind some men, stretched his bow, and transfixed with an arrow the still jeering Palmyrene, who fell over the wall dead before the emperor and his soldiers.

Aurelian gave a graphic account of the difficulties of the siege. "I cannot tell you," he said, "how many arrows and apparatuses of war there are, how many weapons, how many stones; there is no part of the wall which is not furnished with two or three balistas; tormenting fire too is poured from them." Wearied with the length of the siege, Aurelian treated for its surrender. His conditions were that the lives of all should be spared, that Zenobia should be given a safe place of exile, that the Palmyrene laws and institutions should be respected, and that the guns, silver, gold, silk, horses, and camels should be given to the Roman treasury. Zenobia sent the following answer:—

No man as yet except thou has dared to ask what thou demandest. Whatever is to be achieved in war must be performed by valor alone. Thou askest my surrender, as if ignorant that Cleopatra the Queen chose rather to die than to live with loss of dignity. The Persian assistance which we await cannot be long wanting. On our side are the Armenians; on our side are the Saracens. The robbers of the Syrian desert have conquered thine army, O Aurelian; what then if the forces we expect should arrive? Thou wilt assuredly lay aside the pride with which thou now demandest my surrender as if thou hadst already triumphed.

These bold words were in vain. Aure-

lian redoubled his efforts. He intercepted some Persian-reinforcements, and bought over the Saracens and Armenians. No help came to the besieged Palmyrenes, and they were at last driven to the utmost extremity. It was then that Zenobia, impelled either by fear or in order to seek assistance, fled from Palmyra on a fleet dromedary and attended by only a few servants. She left secretly by night, escaping by a small door on the east side of the great temple. This stone door, with its hinges also of stone, remains to this day. Having successfully passed the Roman lines the queen reached the Euphrates in safety; but her flight had been discovered, and as she was about to embark in a boat to cross the river, some Roman horsemen rode up, took her prisoner, and led her back into the presence of Aurelian. "How, O Zenobia, hast thou dared to insult the emperors of Rome?" he asked. She replied with tact: "I acknowledge thee to be emperor, who art a conqueror. Gallienus, Aureolus, and the others I did not acknowledge."

When the fate of their queen was known, the half-famished Palmyrenes rushed to the walls, and implored the clemency of the emperor. He treated them with generosity, sparing their lives and their property, but the Temple of the Sun he rifled of its treasures. Having broken the power of his once formidable enemy, Aurelian turned homewards, taking with him as prisoners Zenobia and her chief councillors, including Longinus. By the time, however, that the emperor arrived back at Emesa the clamoring of his soldiers for the execution of the Palmyrenes had grown too loud to be safely disregarded. Zenobia, terrified by her danger, basely declared that her actions had been forced on her by her councillors, and that the haughty answer she had returned to Aurelian was dictated by Longinus, and gave as an excuse the weakness of her sex. The male prisoners were immediately executed, Longinus meeting his death with philosophical calmness; and faithful to the end he bewailed not his own fate, but the misfortunes of his queen and friend. Zenobia's life was spared, and she was taken to Rome, where she suffered the humiliation of adorning the triumph of Aurelian. Among the trophies of this triumph were her jewels and plate, the spoils of Palmyra, the royal carriage of Odenathus covered with silver, gold, and gems, and also a splendid carriage built by Zenobia, in which she had boasted she would enter

Rome as conqueror. Laboring under the weight of jewels, her ankles bound by golden rings, her wrists and neck with golden chains, her tottering frame supported by slaves, the Eastern queen, whose very name had made Rome tremble, was exhibited to the Roman populace humbled and a captive. Unlike most Roman captives, her patriotism was not punished with death. The emperor gave her a villa at Tivoli; she soon was married to a Roman senator; and her descendants flourished as late as the sixth century. Thus from the highest pinnacle of fame and power she sank into obscurity a comfortable and prosperous Roman matron.

The end of Palmyra was now at hand. The Roman garrison left behind by Aurelian was attacked and destroyed before he had reached Europe. He returned swiftly from the shores of the Bosphorus and wreaked a terrible vengeance on the inhabitants. "You may now sheathe the sword," he subsequently wrote. "The Palmyrenes have been sufficiently slaughtered and cut to pieces. We have not spared women, we have slain children, we have strangled old men, we have destroyed the husbandmen. To whom can we leave the land? To whom the city? It must be divided among the few who remain."

From this time commenced the decay of the city and the extinction of the Palmyrene nationality. Nor had this fate been hidden from them, for it is said they had received several intimations from the gods of their overthrow. Among others they were given the following uncivil answer to their prayers for the future from Apollo Sarpedonius, at Seleucia:—

Avoid my temple, cursed, treacherous nation!
You even put the gods themselves in passion.

In the time of Diocletian the city seems to have been used as a fortress in his wars against the Persians, for he built a new rampart round it, and inscribed the words which can still be read: "Diocletianus et Constantius Maximianus castra feliciter condiderunt." But gradually it became of less and less importance. Its inhabitants followed the old religion, Sabaism or worship of the heavenly bodies, until the revolution produced by the rise of Mohammedanism in 622 A.D. swept over the East. In the hands of fanatic Mussulmans who refused to traffic with Christians Palmyra lost its position as a commercial centre, but it still continued to be a field of battle. It suffered considerably in the conflicts between the

Omayyades and Abbasides in 745 A.D., but still more from the great earthquakes of 859 and 1089, when many of its buildings were overthrown and its water supply considerably decreased. In 1172 the Mussulmans seem to have been driven out of the place, for we are told by the Jewish writer, Benjamin of Tudela, that in his time there were "two thousand stout Jews" in Tadmour who waged wars with the Christians and with the Arabs. However, it soon became again a dirty Arab village. Its commercial importance was now completely at an end. Tribal feuds and petty quarrels rendered the route unsafe, and the occasional caravans that pass are plundered even to this day. Convulsions of nature combined with barbarian ignorance had partially destroyed the ancient magnificence of the city, whose ruins gradually faded from the knowledge of the Western world, and whose very name sank into oblivion for over five hundred years. In the year 1691 Palmyra may be said to have been rediscovered by a party of English merchants from Aleppo, who, finding a small Arab village in the ruins, declared that "certainly the world itself cannot afford the like mixture of remains of the greatest state and magnificence, together with the extremity of filth and poverty." It was, however, only in the last century that Palmyra was thoroughly examined by Messrs. Wood and Dawkins, who published an accurate account of the ruins and inscriptions with careful drawings and plans. And now, the difficulties and dangers owing to the predatory habits of the wandering Bedouins being nearly at an end, tourists can easily visit the once famous spot. After a tour in Palestine, we went there last spring; and I am writing this account in hopes of persuading others who do not fear fatigue to undertake the same trip. The route from Damascus to Karyaten, a village on the edge of the desert, follows the southern side of the Anti-Libanus through some lovely scenery. In four days, by riding twenty-five miles a day, Karyaten is reached, and preparations are made for the desert journey. Camels are hired, water-skins are filled, an escort of four soldiers is obtained; and in the early morning as the sun is beginning to rise across the plain, we mount our horses and start eastwards, accompanied by dragoon, cook, mess-waiter, muleteers, and escort, all humbly following our pilot, a cheery Bedouin sheikh on a very active donkey. The desert here is covered with spare tufts of grasses and with a grey

aromatic shrub. In some spots we notice wild flowers; and there is plenty of animal life. Pelicans, storks, and cranes stand gazing at us or flap heavily away. Swallows dart round and round us, one so near as to touch my cheek with its wing. Flocks of sand-grouse fly with shrill cries over our heads, or rise like a cloud of blue and green in front of our horses. Desert mice with their tails erect like miniature mops jump into their holes, with which the sandy plain is honeycombed; and bright-colored lizards dart about in all directions. On each side the plain is bounded by distant hills beautiful in shape and color, but waterless and uninhabited. We have a rest at midday beside a solitary tower which, with an old carved stone doorway sunk deep in the sand, is the first sign of Palmyrene architecture. We have pushed ahead to obtain this rest, and now rejoin our caravan, which moves at the rate of three miles an hour. After ten hours in the saddle we are glad to pitch our tents. Horses and mules are tethered, and the camels wander off and eat the dried-up shrub. Our escort light a fire, and in a solemn circle commence a frugal repast. The cook fans some charcoal embers and stirs his pots and pans, which emit delicious odors. The muleteers swear and grumble until our dragoon explains that there is not enough water for the beasts, and receives permission to take the skins set aside for our morning baths. But a little later all are asleep with the silence of the wilderness around the camp and overhead a grand illumination of Eastern starlight. We are up again before daylight, and sit shivering on a box, while by the light of a couple of flickering candle-lamps the baggage is gradually fastened on camels and mules. In the semi-darkness are heard the weird grumbling of the camels, the braying of the donkeys, the neighing of our Arab horses, and the constant stream of oaths, without which no Syrian muleteer seems to be able to do anything. The lights dance about, the stars sparkle, and the camp fire emits dying puffs of smoke as we go to see a large snake which had been killed as it glided towards our horses, passing over the leg of a muleteer and awakening him by its hissing. At last the start is made, and we follow each other in single file, guided by the stars alone. After a little a faint pale grey light seems to creep up the sky, putting out the stars one by one. The grey grows into warm green and rosy pink until all seems to be merged in a soft yellow. Brighter and

brighter it becomes until a thread of light between two tiny peaks, which look like diminutive ant-hills in the horizon, shoots across the plain, growing broader until a circle of fire emerges into a sea of haze and color. Then our Arab sheikh pointing to the distant peaks exclaims, "There is Tadmour!"

We press on and soon arrive at a Turkish guard-house, in front of which is a well of sulphureous water, which our thirsty animals drink with pleasure. Half-a-dozen Turkish soldiers are kept here to guard the well and look after the safety of passing caravans. They are in fact the police of the desert. We were told, however, that they never moved out of their house; and, unless their looks belied them, caravans would be safer in their absence than under their protection. The order is given to start again; and as we ride on we see to the left a large herd of camels, and pass their driver, a fierce-looking, dark-skinned man, with bare arms, legs, and feet, astride a skinny little horse, a colored kaffiyeh on his head, a striped abbaya or burnous over his shoulder, and an old-fashioned spear in his hand at least fourteen feet long. Such was in the oldest times and such is still the nomad Bedouin, the child of the desert. As we draw nearer to the two peaks the sun strikes hotter and hotter on the plain. All vegetation disappears. The surface of the earth seems blistered and scorched with fire, and the reflection burns against the face and hands. The hot air is suffocating, but we ride on, knowing that we shall soon find rest and shade. We at last reach the defile between the peaks, and pass the ruined towers which line like sentinels the valley of the tombs, and then suddenly we look out across the great desert, and at our feet lies the ruined city of the palms, "an amazing sight of a multitude of pillars standing scattered up and down for the space of near a mile of ground—a very wood of pillars." But we are too exhausted to stop and admire, for we have ridden for eight and a half consecutive hours, so we hasten down past the ruins, and are soon enjoying our lunch, and then a siesta under the palms, fig-trees, and apricot-trees, which still flourish in the gardens of Palmyra.

Several days were passed in wandering among the ruins, which seem to exercise a curious spell over the imagination. The position of Palmyra is not perhaps as fine as Baalbec with its background of snow-clad mountains, nor can its architecture be compared with the perfect work of the

Parthenon, but its remains are those of a mighty city enveloped in an atmosphere of romance, and seeming to breathe of great men and of noble deeds. The ground is literally strewn with fragments. Deeply cut Corinthian capitals lie about half buried in the sand; bits of pillars, columns, cornices, and friezes are scattered in wild confusion; and the ground is sprinkled with the *débris* of vari-colored pottery and old glass. Richly carved sarcophagi ruthlessly dug up, defaced, and desecrated by the native treasure-hunter are thrown one on the other, some above ground and others half buried in the ruins of the rifled tombs; recumbent figures without heads or arms or feet lie about in all directions; bits of marble and granite protrude here and there. Half-ruined temples, tumble-down walls, rows of prostrate columns marking the remains of an ancient street, remains often foundations of old palaces, the ruined circus with its semicircle of columns, vestiges of baths, all cover acres of ground; and the only sign of life as we scramble about are a couple of Arabs searching for coins, and myriads of flies and locusts. The latter are as yet in their baby stage of hopping and crawling; they cannot yet march. The ground in some parts is brown with them, and as we move along they divide before our feet like receding waves, and close in again behind us. Many are the questions during our tour as to whether we had seen the locust enemy, for great is the fear of them when they are full grown and commence to march across the country, like an invading army.

Our tents are pitched in what was the main street, near the triple triumphal arch, which, though much broken and worn, still stands erect. Over a hundred columns still show the line of the street, but the number is many less than in the time of the first explorers, and it is sad to notice that owing to neglect the ruins are crumbling away. It would be difficult, even if Palmyra belonged to a less incompetent nation than its present rulers, to take any care of the place. Digging and rifling are of course forbidden, and of course are largely indulged in by the ignorant natives, whose one idea is to find something to sell; but the wind which constantly blows here is doing more harm than any human agency, by drifting the sand across the ruins and gradually burying them from sight. It is evident that a great natural change has taken place since a river flowed past the city and pleasant streams watered its environs. The pres-

ent chief spring is sulphureous, very strong-smelling and nasty-tasting; but if allowed to stand for twenty-four hours it becomes almost drinkable. It is probable that the earthquakes already mentioned altered the water supply—the *raison d'être* of the ancient city; and as there is now much less water, there is more sand. The roofless temples are already buried many feet in it, and no trace of pavement is anywhere to be seen. In the midst of the desolation and ruin some of the monumental columns still remain standing; but one of the largest has lately fallen, having been pulled down, as we were told, by a French tourist, who hoped to find some treasures in its capital. This act of vandalism was rewarded by the discovery of a small old knife and some valueless coins.

The statues on the columns have all disappeared, but the inscriptions in Greek and Palmyrene characters still remain. The number of standing columns is the chief characteristic of Palmyra as it now is. Traces of the walls of the chief buildings can be seen, but there is absolutely no sign of where the citizens lived. The present inhabitants congregate in the modern mud village which entirely fills the Temple of the Sun. There are a few new buildings just outside; but the interior of the court is like any other Arab village, with the sole difference that columns, here in rows and there single, rise out of the narrow streets or from among the flat-roofed houses. It is impossible to get a view of the temple except from a roof-top, and then one can with difficulty guess at its past glories. The gateway of the ancient cella, which is now a mosque, still remains, and is beautiful with its bands of rich designs. Parts of the chambers of the temple also exist, with their carved ceilings, on which the signs of the zodiac and the great eagle are still to be seen. In the eastern side of the surrounding wall, which is rapidly falling down, I was glad to see the small stone door still revolving on its stone pivot through which Zenobia made her escape over sixteen hundred years ago.

A visit to the temple is, however, hardly a pleasant experience. The stranger is followed by a crowd of women and children, each with a few worthless coins to sell, and some with a carved stone head barbarously hacked off a sarcophagus or a tomb. These are shown with great secrecy, and are generally brought to the tents under cover of night to be inspected. The children rush from all parts to jeer at

the foreigners: and we left the temple, passing out under its splendid entrance-gate, to the accompaniment of a screaming chorus of insulting remarks. The officials of the place are four in number, and form a striking contrast to the Palmyrene rulers in the past. They paid us a ceremonious visit in our tent, and silently partook of lemonade, coffee, and cigarettes. The mudir or governor yawned the whole time. The commandant of the Turkish garrison had been a Russian prisoner after Plevna, and was ready to abuse England for not having helped her natural allies. The judge, who was also the schoolmaster, did not give a favorable notion of justice or of learning. The last of the four, the overseer of the salt-beds, who was perfectly hideous, spoke but little, but whispered in the ear of our dragoman that he wished me to paint his portrait to send to his mother, whom he had not seen since childhood. This I afterwards did; and I trust the parent will be more pleased with the result than her son, who, not understanding light and shade, indignantly denied that one of his cheeks was darker than the other.

Conversation during their visit was most difficult. At last I asked in despair, "How do you pass your time?"

The answer was prompt: "Sleep."

"Do you hunt or shoot?"

"No."

"Do you read?"

"No."

"Do you write?"

"No."

"Do you take an interest in the ruins?"

"No! no! no!"

"Do you do nothing but sleep?"

The mudir with many yawns here gave his longest reply: "There is nothing else to do—but to die."

Such is the successor to Odenathus and Zenobia.

A ride to the salt-fields, where the water is gradually disappearing and leaving a sediment of salt half an inch thick, and a visit to the tower-tombs, completed our explorations. Most of the towers are in a very ruinous state, but in the best preserved, although the flooring and the staircase have fallen, there are still the pilasters, the painted ceiling, the recesses for the biers, and the busts which are now headless. The inscription over one of the doors states that this monument Elabilus built for himself and his family, and the date is 102 A.D. On another is the date 2 A.D. We are able to ascend a third, as its staircase is nearly perfect,

and examine all the five storeys; but it is rather ghastly work, as at each step there is a scurrah of human bones. The Aleppo merchants who visited this tower nearly two hundred years ago described it as "not altogether so polite or so well-painted." We find in one chamber some traces of mosaic on the ceiling, but the treasure-hunter has not left much in these interesting mausolea. From one of them probably came the inscription which has been removed to the entrance of the great temple, and which reads thus: "This sepulchral monument out of his own money hath Septimius Odenathus, illustrious senator, erected for himself, his children, and his posterity, as an honor to them in times to come." Little did he think that he would be the only tenant.

We return to our tents at sunset, and the scene is most lovely. The lines of pillars, the archways, the temples, and all the fallen *débris*, are tinged with delicate orange and pink lights, which shine out against the cold greys of the hills. Through the ruins troop a long line of Bedouin women in their dark-blue drapery, each with a water-pitcher balanced on her head, moving with a stately grace peculiar to Orientals. Up into the temple they pass, while the men idly wander about in their bright-colored dresses, as if labor were for women alone. A stork has settled on the triumphal arch with a satisfied croak; the sand-grouse fly overhead in clouds to their night-quarters; the shadows lengthen; the stars begin to twinkle through the colonnade; and in the dusk one can dream of old days when the brave Odenathus returned here from his triumphs to banquets and rejoicings, and the lovely Zenobia was treated almost as a goddess by her devoted subjects.

Antiquity, thou wondrous charm, what art thou that being nothing thou art everything? The mighty future is to us as nothing, being everything—the past everything, being nothing.

Our visit is over. We are told we must make an early start in order to get as far as possible next day on our return march, for there is a rumor that Bedouins from Moab are on the lookout for plunder. The report states that sixty horsemen, and sixty camels each carrying two men, all completely armed, are waiting for a caravan; and as one was plundered last year the prospect is not pleasant, but luckily we saw no signs of robbers. Before day-break the tents and baggage are packed and the animals are loaded. We pass

through the columns across the ruins up into the valley and past the old towers. Then looking back another day is commencing; and above the eastern horizon the sun is peeping through grey clouds at the temple where he was once worshipped, and across the ruins of a city whose fame will last, although its remains may gradually disappear and be buried out of sight forever.

COMPTON.

From Blackwood's Magazine.
ON THE DARK MOUNTAINS.

I.

WHAT is written here belongs to the experiences of a woman whose humble career had terminated in great yet modest promotion in another world than ours. This traveller between life and death, this little pilgrim, had been in her further development very curious to see and hear all that could be learned in the wonderful country in which her abode was fixed concerning the race of men; and all the wonderful ways of the Father in respect to those children of his who were not as his children in the other worlds, but exposed to adversity and sorrow and trouble, which are but as names to the others—those things which the angels desire to look into, and which are the subject of story and of song not only in the little world below, but in the great realms above. She had seen what the dealings of the Father were in the hearts of men, and how till the end came he did not cease to send his messengers to plead in every heart, and to hold a court of justice that no man might be deceived, but each know whether his steps were tending, and what was the way of wisdom. And it had been permitted to her to read in the archives of the heavenly country the story of one who, neglecting all that the advocates of God could say, had found himself, when the little life was completed, not upon the threshold of a better country, but in the midst of the land of darkness—that region in which the souls of men are left by God to their own devices, and the Father stands aloof, and hides his face and calls them not, neither persuades them more. Over this story the little pilgrim had shed many tears; for she knew well, being enlightened in her great simplicity by the heavenly wisdom, that it was pain and grief to the Father to turn away his face; and that no one who has but the little

heart of a man can imagine to himself what that sorrow is in the being of the great God. And a great awe came over her mind at the thought, which seemed well-nigh a blasphemy, that he could grieve; yet in her heart, being his child, she knew that it was true. And her own little spirit throbbed through and through with longing and with desire. "And oh!" she said, "if I could but go! There is nothing which could make a child afraid, save to see them suffer. What are darkness and terror when the Father is with you? I am not afraid — if I might but go!" And by reason of her often pleading, and of the thought that was ever in her mind, it was at last said that one of those who knew might instruct her, and show her by what way alone the travellers who come from that miserable land could approach and be admitted on high.

"I know," she said, "that between us and them there is a gulf fixed, and that they who would come from thence cannot come, neither can any one —"

But here she stopped in great dismay, for it seemed that she had thus answered her own longing and prayer.

The guide who had come for her smiled upon her and said, "But that was before the Lord had ended his work. And now all the paths are free — wherever there is a mountain pass or a river ford; the roads are all blessed, and they are all open, and no barriers for those who will."

"Oh," she cried, "dear friend, is that true for all?"

He looked away from her into the depths of the lovely air, and he replied: "Little sister, our faith is without bounds, but not our knowledge. I who speak to you am no more than a man. The princes and powers that are in high places know more than I; but if there be any place where a heart can stir and cry out to the Father and he take no heed — if it be only in a groan — if it be only with a sigh — I know not that place; yet many depths I know." He put out his hand and took hers, after a pause, and then he said, "There are some who are stumbling upon the dark mountains. Come and see."

As they passed along there were many who paused to look at them, for he had the mien of a great prince — a lord among men — and his face still bore the trace of sorrow and toil, and there was about him an awe and wonder which was more than could be put in words; but those who saw him understood as he went by, not who he was, nor what he had been, but that he had come out of great tribulation,

of sorrow beyond the sorrows of men. The sweetness of the heavenly country had soothed away his care, and taken the cloud from his face; but he was as yet unaccustomed to smile — though when he remembered and looked round him, and saw that all was well, his countenance lightened like the morning sky, and his eyes woke up in splendor like the sun rising. The little pilgrim did not know who her brother was, but yet gave thanks to God for him she knew not why.

How far they went cannot be estimated in words, for distance matters little in that place; but at the end they came to a path which sloped a little downwards to the edge of a delightful moorland country, all brilliant with the hues of the mountain flowers. It was like a flowery plateau high among the hills, in a region where are no frosts to check the glow of the flowers, or scorch the grass. It spread far around in hollows, and ravines, and softly swelling hills, with the rush over them of a cheerful breeze full of mountain scents and sounds; and high above them rose the mountain heights of the celestial world, veiled in those blue breadths of distance which are heaven itself when man's fancy ascends to them from the low world at their feet. All the little earth can do in color and mists, and travelling shadows fleet as the breath, and the sweet, steadfast shining of the sun, was there, but with a tenfold splendor. They rose up into the sky, every peak and jagged rock all touched with the light and the smile of God, and every little blossom on the turf rejoicing in the warmth, and freedom, and peace. The heart of the little pilgrim swelled, and she cried out, "There is nothing so glorious as the everlasting hills. Though the valleys and the plains are sweet, they are not like them. They say to us, Lift up your heart!"

Her guide smiled, but he did not speak. His smile was full of joy, but grave, like that of a man whose thoughts are bent on other things; and he pointed where the road wound downward by the feet of these triumphant hills. She kept her eyes upon them as she moved along. Those heights rose into the very sky, but bore upon them neither snow nor storm. Here and there a whiteness like a film of air rounded out over a peak, and she recognized that it was one of those angels who travel far and wide with God's commissions, going to the other worlds that are in the firmament as in a sea. The softness of these films of white was like the summer clouds that she used to watch in

the blue of the summer sky in the little world which none of its children can cease to love; and she wondered now whether it might not sometimes have been the same dear angels whose flight she had watched unknowing, higher than thought could soar or knowledge penetrate. Watching those floating heavenly messengers, and the heights of the great miraculous mountains rising up into the sky, the little pilgrim ceased to think whither she was going, although she knew from the feeling of the ground under her feet that she was descending, still softly, but more quickly than at first, until she was brought to herself by the sensation of a great wind coming in her face, cold as from a sudden vacancy. She turned her head quickly from gazing above to what was before her, and started with a cry of wonder. For below lay a great gulf of darkness, out of which rose at first some shadowy peaks and shoulders of rock, all falling away into a gloom which eyes accustomed to the sunshine could not penetrate. Where she stood was the edge of the light—before her feet lay a line of shadow slowly darkening out of daylight into twilight, and beyond into that measureless blackness of night; and the wind in her face was like that which comes from a great depth below of either sea or land—the sweep of the current which moves a vast atmosphere in which there is nothing to break its force. The little pilgrim was so startled by these unexpected sensations that she caught the arm of her guide in her sudden alarm, and clung to him, lest she should fall into the terrible darkness and the deep abyss below.

"There is nothing to fear," he said, "there is a way. To us who are above there is no danger at all—and it is the way of life to those who are below."

"I see nothing," she cried, "save a few points of rock, and the precipice—the pit which is below. Oh, tell me what is it?—is it where the fires are and despair dwells? I did not think that was true. Let me go and hide myself and not see it, for I never thought that was true."

"Look again," said the guide.

The little pilgrim shrank into a crevice of the rock, and uncovering her eyes, gazed into the darkness; and because her nature was soft and timid there came into her mind a momentary fear. Her heart flew to the Father's footstool, and cried out to him, not any question or prayer, but only "Father, Father!" and this made her stand erect, and strengthened her eyes, so that the gloom even of hell could

no more make her afraid. Her guide stood beside with a steadfast countenance, which was grave yet full of a solemn light. And then all at once he lifted up his voice, which was sonorous and sweet like the sound of an organ, and uttered a shout so great and resounding that it seemed to come back in echoes from every hollow and hill. What he said the little pilgrim could not understand; but when the echoes had died away and silence followed, something came up through the gloom—a sound that was far, far away, and faint in the long distance, a voice that sounded no more than an echo. When he who had called out heard it, he turned to the little pilgrim with eyes that were liquid with love and pity—"Listen," he said, "there is some one on the way."

"Can we help them?" cried the little pilgrim; her heart bounded forward like a bird. She had no fear. The darkness and the horrible way seemed as nothing to her. She stretched out her arms as if she would have seized the traveller and dragged him up into the light.

He who was by her side shook his head, but with a smile. "We can but wait," he said. "It is forbidden that any one should help. For this is too terrible and strange to be touched even by the hands of angels. It is like nothing that you know."

"I have been taught many things," said the little pilgrim humbly. "I have been taken back to the dear earth, where I saw the judgment-seat, and the pleaders who spoke, and the man who was the judge—and how each is judge for himself."

"You have seen the place of hope," said her guide, "where the Father is and the Son, and where no man is left to his own ways. But there is another country, where there is no voice either from God or from good spirits, and where those who have refused are left to do as seems good in their own eyes."

"I have read," said the little pilgrim, with a sob, "of one who went from city to city and found no rest."

Her guide bowed his head very gravely in assent. "They go from place to place," he said, "if haply they might find one in which it is possible to live. Whether it is order or whether it is license, it is according to their own will. They try all things, ever looking for something which the soul may endure. And new cities are founded from time to time, and a new endeavor ever and ever to live, only to live. For even when happiness fails and content, and work is vanity and effort is naught, it

is something if a man can but endure to live."

The little pilgrim looked at him with wistful eyes, for what he said was beyond her understanding. "For us," she said, "life is nothing but joy. Oh, brother, is there then condemnation?"

"It is no condemnation, it is what they have chosen—it is to follow their own way. There is no longer any one to interfere. The pleaders are all silent; there is no voice in their hearts. The Father hinders them not, nor helps them; but leaves them." He shivered as if with cold; and the little pilgrim felt that there breathed from the depths of darkness at their feet an icy wind which touched her hands and feet and chilled her heart. She shivered too, and drew close to the rock for shelter, and gazed at the awful cliffs rising out of the gloom, and the paths that disappeared at her feet, leading down, down into that abyss—and her heart failed within her to think that below there were souls that suffered, and that the Father and the Son were not there. He the All-loving, the All-present—how could it be that he was not there?"

"It is a mystery," said the man who was her guide, and who answered to her thought. "When I set my foot upon this blessed land I knew that there, even there, he is. But in that country his face is hidden, and even to name his name is anguish, for then do men understand what has befallen them, who can say that name no more."

"That is death indeed," she cried; and the wind came up silent with a wild breath that was more awful than the shriek of a storm; for it was like the stifled utterances of all those miserable ones who have no voice to call upon God, and know not where he is nor how to pronounce his name.

"Ah," said he, "if we could have known what death was! We had believed in death in the time of all great illusions, in the time of the gentle life, in the day of hope. But in the land of darkness there are no illusions, and every man knows that though he should fling himself into the furnace of the gold, or be cut to pieces by the knives, or trampled under the dancers' feet, yet that it will be but a little more pain, and that death is not, nor any escape that way."

"Oh, brother!" she cried, "you have been there?"

He turned and looked upon her, and she read as in a book things which tongue of man cannot say—the anguish and the

rapture, the unforgotten pang of the lost, the joy of one who has been delivered after hope was gone.

"I have been there; and now I stand in the light, and have seen the face of the Lord, and can speak his blessed name." And with that he burst forth into a great melodious cry, which was not like that which he had sent into the dark depths below, but mounted up like the sounding of silver trumpets and all joyful music, giving a voice to the sweet air and the fresh winds which blew about the hills of God. But the words he said were not comprehensible to his companion, for they were in the secret tongue which is between the Father and his child, and known to none but to them alone. Yet only to hear the sound was enough to transport all who listened, and to make them know what joy is and peace. The little pilgrim wept for happiness to hear her brother's voice. But in the midst of it her ear was caught by another sound—a faint cry which tingled up from the darkness like the note of a muffled bell—and she turned from the joy and the light, and flung out her arms and her little voice towards him who was stumbling upon the dark mountains. And "Come," she cried, "Come, come!" forgetting all things save that one was there in the darkness, while here was light and peace.

"It is nearer," said her guide, hearing, even in the midst of his triumph song, that faint and distant cry; and he took her hand and drew her back, for she was upon the edge of the precipice gazing into the black depths, which revealed nothing save the needles of the awful rocks and sheer descents below. "The moment will come," he said, "when we can help—but it is not yet."

Her heart was in the depths with him who was coming, whom she knew not save that he was coming, toiling upwards towards the light; and it seemed to her that she could not contain herself, nor wait till he should appear, nor draw back from the edge, where she might hold out her hands to him and save him some single step, if no more. But presently her heart returned to her brother who stood by her side, and who was delivered, and with whom it was meet that all should rejoice, since he had fought and conquered, and reached the land of light. "Oh," she said, "it is long to wait while he is still upon these dark mountains. Tell me how it came to you to find the way."

He turned to her with a smile, though his ear too was intent, and his heart fixed

upon the traveller in the darkness, and began to tell her his tale to beguile the time of waiting, and to hold within bounds the pity that filled her heart. He told her that he was one of many who came from the pleasant earth together, out of many countries and tongues; and how they had gone here and there each man to a different city, and how they had crossed each other's paths coming and going, yet never found rest for their feet. And how there was a little relief in every change, and one sought that which another left; and how they wandered round and round over all the vast and endless plain, until at length, in revolt from every other way, they had chosen a spot upon the slope of a hill, and built there a new city, if perhaps something better might be found there. And how it had been built with towers and high walls, and great gates to shut it in, so that no stranger should find entrance. And how every house was a palace, with statues of marble, and pillars so precious with beautiful work, and arches so lofty and so fair, that they were better than had they been made of gold; yet gold was not wanting, nor diamond stones that shone like stars, and everything more beautiful and stately than heart could conceive.

"And while we built and labored," he said, "our hearts were a little appeased. And it was called the city of art, and all was perfect in it, so that nothing had ever been seen to compare with it for beauty; and we walked upon the battlements and looked over the plain and viewed the dwellers there, who were not as we. And we went on to fill every room and every hall with carved work in stone and beaten gold, and pictures and woven tissues that were like the sun-gleams and the rainbows of the pleasant earth. And crowds came around envying us and seeking to enter. But we closed our gates and drove them away. And it was said among us that life would now become as of old, and everything would go well with us as in the happy days."

The little pilgrim looked up into his face, and for pity of his pain (though it was past) almost wished that *that* could have come true.

"But when the work was done," he said — and for a moment no more.

"Oh, brother! when the work was done?"

"You do not know what it is," he said, "to be ten times more powerful and strong, to want no rest, to have fire in your veins, to have the craving in your heart above everything that is known to man.

When the work was done, we glared upon each other with hungry eyes, and each man wished to thrust forth his neighbor and possess all to himself. And then we ceased to take pleasure in it, notwithstanding that it was beautiful; and there were some who would have beaten down the walls and built them anew — and some would have torn up the silver and gold, and tossed out the fair statues and the adornments in scorn and rage to the meaner multitudes below. And we, who were the workers, began to contend one against another to satisfy the gnawings of the rage that was in our hearts. For we had deceived ourselves, thinking once more that all would be well; while all the time nothing was changed, and we were but as the miserable ones that rushed from place to place."

Though all this wretchedness was over and past, it was so terrible to think of that he paused and was silent awhile. And the little pilgrim put her hand upon his arm in her great pity to soothe him, and almost forgot that there was another traveller not yet delivered upon the way. But suddenly at that moment there came up through the depths the sound of a fall, as if the rocks had crashed from a hundred peaks, yet all muffled by the great distance, and echoing all around in faint echoes, and rumblings as in the bosom of the earth. And mingled with them were far-off cries, so faint and distant that human ears could not have heard them, like the cries of lost children, or creatures wavering and straying in the midst of the boundless night. This time she who was watching upon the edge of the gloom would have flung herself forward altogether into it, had not her companion again restrained her. "One has stumbled upon the mountains; but listen, listen, little sister, for the voices are many," he said, "it is not one who comes, but many; and though he falls, he will rise again."

And once more he shouted aloud, bending down against the rocks, so that they caught his voice — and the sweet air from the skies came behind him in a great gust like a summer storm, and carried it into all the echoing hollows of the hills. And the little pilgrim knew that he shouted to all who came to take courage and not to fear. And this time there rose upward many faint and wavering sounds that did not stir the air, but made it tingle with a vibration of the great distance and the unknown depths; and then again all was still. They stood for a time intent upon the great silence and darkness which

swept up all sight and sound, and then the little pilgrim once more turned her eyes towards her companion, and he began again his wonderful tale.

"He who had been the first to found the city, and who was the most wise of any, though the rage was in him like all the rest, and the disappointment and the anguish, yet would not yield. And he called upon us for another trial, to make a picture which should be the greatest that ever was painted. And each one of us, small or great, who had been of that art in the dear life, took share in the rivalry and the emulation, so that on every side there was a fury and a rush, each man with his band of supporters about him struggling and swearing that his was the best. Not that they loved the work or the beauty of the work, but to keep down the gnawing in their hearts, and to have something for which they could still fight and storm, and for a little forget.

"I was one who had been among the highest." He spoke not with pride, but in a low and deep voice which went to the heart of the listener, and brought the tears to her eyes. It was not like that of the painter in the heavenly city, who rejoiced and was glad in his work, though he was but as a humble workman, serving those who were more great. But this man had the sorrow of greatness in him, and the wonder of those who can do much, to find how little they can do. "My veins," he said, "were filled with fire, and my heart with the rage of a great desire to be first, as I had been first in the days of the gentle life. And I made my plan to be greater than all the rest, to paint a vast picture like the world, filled with all the glories of life. In a moment I had conceived what I should do, for my strength was as that of a hundred men; and none of us could rest or breathe till it was accomplished, but flung ourselves upon this new thing as upon water in the desert. Oh, my little sister, how can I tell you — what words can show forth this wonderful thing? I stood before my great canvas with all those who were of my faction pressing upon me, noting every touch I made, shouting, and saying, 'He will win! he will win!' When lo! there came a mystery and a wonder into that place. I had arranged men and women before me according to all the devices of art, to serve as my models that nature might be in my picture, and life; but when I looked I saw them not, for between them and me had come a face."

The eyes of the little pilgrim dropped

with tears. She held out her hands towards him with a sympathy which no words could say.

"Often had I painted that face in the other life, — sometimes with awe and love, sometimes with scorn; for hire and for bread, and for pride and for fame. It is pale with suffering, yet smiles; the eyes have tears in them, yet light below, and all that is there is full of tenderness and of love. There is a crown upon the brow, but it is made of thorns. It came before me, suddenly, while I stood there, with the men shouting close to my ear urging me on, and fierce fury in my heart, and the rage to be first, and to forget. Where my models were, there it came. I could not see them, nor my groups that I had planned, nor anything but that face. I called out to my men, 'Who has done this?' but they heard me not, nor understood me, for to them there was nothing there save the figures I had set — a living picture all ready for the painter's hand.

"I could not bear it, the sight of that face. I flung my tools away. I covered my eyes with my hands. But those who were about me pressed on me and threatened. They pulled my hands from my eyes. 'Coward!' they cried, and 'Traitor, to leave us in the lurch. Now will the other side win and we be shamed. Rather tear him limb from limb, fling him from the walls!' The crowd came round me like an angry sea; they forced my pencils back into my hands. 'Work,' they cried, 'or we will tear you limb from limb.' For though they were upon my side, it was for rivalry, and not out of any love for me." He paused for a moment, for his heart was yet full of the remembrance, and of joy that it was past.

"I looked again," he said, "and still it was there. Oh, face divine — the eyes all wet with pity, the lips all quivering with love! And neither pity nor love belonged to that place, nor any succor, nor the touch of a brother, nor the voice of a friend. 'Paint,' they cried, 'or we will tear you limb from limb!' — and fire came into my heart. I pushed them from me on every side with the strength of a giant. And then I flung it on the canvas, crying I know not what — not to them but to him. Shrink not from me, little sister, for I blasphemed. I called him impostor, deceiver, Galilean; and still with all my might, with all the fury of my soul, I set him there for every man to see, not knowing what I did. Everything faded from me but that face — I saw it alone. The crowd came round me with shouts and

threats to drag me away, but I took no heed; they were silenced, and fled and left me alone, but I knew nothing; nor when they came back with others and seized me, and flung me forth from the gate, was I aware what I had done. They cast me out and left me upon the wild without a shelter, without a companion, storming and raving at them as they did at me. They dashed the great gates behind me with a clang, and shut me out. And I turned and defied them, and cursed them as they cursed me, not knowing what I had done."

"Oh, brother!" murmured the little pilgrim, kneeling, as if she had accompanied him all the way with her prayers, but could not now say more.

"Then I saw again," he went on, not hearing her in the great force of that passion and wonder which was still in his mind—"that vision in the air. Wherever I turned, it was there,—his eyes wet with pity, his countenance shining with love. Whence came he? What did he in that place, where love is not, where pity comes not?"

"Friend," she cried, "to seek you there!"

Her companion bowed his head in deep humbleness and joy. And again he lifted his great voice and intoned his song of praise. The little pilgrim understood it, but by fragments—a line that was more simple that came here and there. And it praised the Lord that where the face of the Father was hidden, and where love was not, nor compassion, nor brother had pity on brother, nor friend knew the face of friend, and all succor was stayed, and every help forbidden—yet still in the depths of the darkness and in the heart of the silence, he who could not forget nor forsake was there. The voice of the singer was like that of one of the great angels, and many of the inhabitants of the blessed country began to appear, gathering in crowds to hear this great music, as the little sister thought; and she herself listened with all her heart, wondering and seeing on the faces of those dear friends whom she did not know an expectation and a hope which were strange to her, though she could always understand their love and their joy.

But in the middle of this great song there came another sound to her ear—a sound which pierced through the music like lightning through the sky, though it was but the cry of one distraught and fainting,—a cry out of the depths not even seeking help, a cry of distress too terri-

ble to be borne. Though it was scarcely louder than a sigh, she heard it through all the music, and turned and flew to the edge of the precipice whence it came. And immediately the darkness seemed to move as with a pulse, in a great throb, and something came through the wind with a rush, as if part of the mountain had fallen—and lo! at her feet lay one who had flung himself forward, his arms stretched out, his face to the ground, as if he had seized and grasped in an agony the very soil. He lay there, half in the light and half in the shadow, gripping the rocks with his hands, burrowing into the cool herbage above and the mountain flowers; clinging, catching hold, despairing, yet seizing everything he could grasp—the tender grass, the rolling stones. The little pilgrim flung herself down upon her knees by his side, and grasped his arm to help, and cried aloud for aid; and the song of the singer ceased, and there was silence for a moment, so that the breath of the fugitive could be heard panting, and his strong struggle to drag himself altogether out of that abyss of darkness below. She thought of nothing, nor heard nor saw anything, but the strain of that last effort which seemed to shake the very mountains; until suddenly there seemed to rise all around the hum and murmur as of a great multitude, and looking up she saw every little hill and hollow, and the glorious plain beyond as far as eye could see, crowded with countless throngs; and on the high peaks above, in the full shining of the sun, came bands of angels, and of those great beings who are more mighty than men. And the eyes of all were fixed upon the man who lay as one dead upon the ground, and from the lips of all came a low murmur of rapture and delight, that spread like the hum of the bees, like the cooing of the doves, like the voice of a mother over her child; and the same sound came to her own lips unawares, and she murmured "welcome" and "brother" and "friend," not knowing what she said; and looking to the others, whispered, "Hush! for he is weak"—and all of them answered with tears, with "hush," and "welcome," and "friend," and "brother," and "beloved," and stood about smiling and weeping for joy. And presently there came softly into the blessed air the ringing of the great silver bells, which sound only for victory and great happiness and gain. And there was joy in heaven, and every world was stirred. And throughout the firmament, and among all the lords and princes of life, it was known

that the impossible had become true, and the name of the Lord had proved enough, and love had conquered even despair.

"Hush!" she said, "for he is weak." And because it was her blessed service to receive those who had newly arrived in that heavenly country, and to soothe and help them so that like new-born children they should be able to endure and understand the joy, she knelt by him on the ground and tried to rouse him, though with trembling, for never before had she stood by one who was newly come out of the land of despair. "Let the sun come upon him," she said; "let him feel the brightness of the light,"—and with her soft hands she drew him out of the shade of the twilight to where the brightness of the day fell like a smile upon the flowers. And then at last he stirred, and turned round and opened his eyes, for the genial warmth had reached him. But his eyes were heavy and dazzled with the light, and he looked round him as if confused from beneath his heavy eyelids. "And where am I?" he said; "and who are you?" "Oh, brother!" said the little pilgrim, and told him in his ear the name of that heavenly place, and many comforting and joyful things. But he understood her not, and still gazed about him with dazzled eyes, for his face was still towards the darkness, and fear was upon him lest this place should prove no more than a delusion, and the darkness return, and the anguish and pain.

Then he who had been her guide, and told her his tale, came forward and stood by the side of the new-comer. And "Brother," he said, "look upon me, for you know me, and know from whence I come."

The stranger looked dimly with his heavy eyes. And he replied, "It is as a dream that I know you, and know from whence you came. And the dream is sweet to lie here, and think that I am at peace. Deceive me not—oh! deceive me not, with visions that are sweet—but let me go upon my way and find the end; if there is any end, or if any good can be."

"What shall we do," cried the little pilgrim, "to persuade him that he has arrived and is safe, and dreams no more?"

And they stood round him wondering, and troubled to find how little they could do for him, and that the light entered so slowly into his soul. And he lay on the bank like one left for death, so weary and so worn with all the horrors of the way that his heart was faint within him, and

peace itself seemed to him but an illusion. He lay silent while they watched and waited, then turned himself upon the grass, which was as soft to the weary wayfarer as angels' wings; and then the sunshine caught his eye, as if he had been a new-born babe awakened to the light. He put out his hand to it, and touched the ground that was golden with those heavenly rays, and gathered himself up till he felt it upon his face, and opened wide his dazzled eyes, then shaded them with trembling hands, and said to himself, "It is the sun, it is the sun." But still he did not dare to believe that the danger and the toil were over, nor could he listen, nor understand what the brethren said. While they all stood around and watched and waited, wondering each how the new-comer should be satisfied, there suddenly arose a sound with which they were all acquainted—the sound of one approaching. The faces of the blessed were all around like the stars in the sky—multitudes whom none could count or reckon; but he who came was seen of none, save him to whom he came. The weary man rose up with a great cry, then fell again upon his knees, and flung his arms wide in the wonder and the joy. And "Lord," he cried, "was it thou? Lord, it was thou! Thine was the face. And thou hast brought me here!"

The watchers knew not what the other voice said, for what is said to each new-comer is the secret of the Lord. But when they looked again the man stood upright upon his feet, and his face was full of light; and though he trembled with weakness and with weariness, and with exceeding joy, yet the confusion and the fear were gone from him. And he had no longer any suspicion of them, as if they might betray him, but held out his trembling hands and cried, "Friends; you are friends? and you spoke to me and called me brother? And am I here? And am I here?" For to name the name of that blessed country was not needful any longer, now that he had seen the Lord.

Then a great band and guard of honor, of angels and principalities and powers, surrounded him, and led him away to the holy city, and to the presence of the Father, who had permitted and had not forbidden what the Lord had done. And all the companies of the blessed followed after with wonder and gladness and triumph, because the great love of the Lord had drawn out of the darkness even those who were beyond hope.

II.

THE little pilgrim saw them depart from her with love and joy, and sat down upon the rocky edge and sang her own song of peace; for her fear was gone, and she was ready to do her service there upon the verge of the precipice as among the flowers and the sunshine, where her own place was. "From the depths," she said, "they come, they come!—from the land of darkness, where no love is. For thy love, O Lord, is more than the darkness and the depths. And where hope is not, there thy pity goes." She sat and sang to herself like a happy child, for her heart had fathomed the awful gloom which baffles angels and men, and she had learned that though hope comes to an end and light fails, and the feet of the ambassadors are stayed on the mountains, and the voice of the pleaders is silenced, and darkness swallows up the world, yet love never fails. As she sang, the pity in her heart grew so strong, and her desire to help the lost, that she rose up and stepped forth into the awful gloom, and had it been permitted, in her gentleness and weakness would have gone forth to the deeps and had no fear.

The ground gave way under her feet, so dreadful was the precipice; but though her heart beat with the horror of it, and the whirl of the descent and the darkness which blinded her eyes, yet had she no hurt; and when her foot touched the rock, and that sinking sense of emptiness and vacancy ceased, she looked around and saw the path by which that traveller had come. For when the eyes are used to the darkness, the horror of the gloom was no longer like a solid thing, but moved into shades of darker and less dark, so that she saw where the rocks stood, and how they sank with edges that cut like swords, down and ever down into the abysses,—and how here a deep ravine was rent between them, and there were banks and scaurs as though some one had caught the jagged points with wounded hand or foot struggling up the perpendicular surface towards the little ray of light, like a tiny star which shone as on immeasurable heights to show where life was. As she travelled deeper and deeper, it was a wonder to see how far that little ray penetrated down and down, through gulfs of darkness, blue and cold like the shimmer of a diamond; and even when it could be seen no more, sent yet a shadowy refraction, a line of something less black than the darkness, a lightning amid the gloom, a something

indefinable which was hope. The rocks were more cruel than imagination could conceive—sometimes pointed and sharp like knives, sometimes smooth and upright as a wall with no hold for the climber, sometimes moving under the touch, with stones that rolled and crushed the bleeding feet; and though the solid masses were distinguishable from the lighter darkness of the air, yet it could only be in groping that the travellers by that way could find where any foothold was. The traveller who came from above, and who had the privilege of her happiness, sank down as if borne on wings, yet needed all her courage not to be afraid of the awful rocks that rose all above and around her perpendicular in the gloom. And the great blast of an icy wind swept upward like something flying upon great wings, so tremendous was the force of it, whirling from the depths below, sucked upwards by the very warmth of the life above, so that the little pilgrim herself caught at the rocks that she might not be swept again towards the top, or dashed against the stony pinnacles that stood up on every side. She was glad when she found a little platform under her feet for a moment where she could rest, and also because she had come, not from curiosity to see that gulf, but with the hope and desire to meet some one to whom she could be of a little comfort or help in the terrors of the way.

While she stood for a moment to get her breath, she became sensible that some living thing was near, and putting out her hand she felt that there was round her something that was like a bastion upon a fortified wall, and immediately a hand touched hers, and a soft voice said, "Sister, fear not! for this is the watch-tower, and I am one of those who keep the way." She had started and trembled indeed,—not that she feared, but because the delicate fabric of her being was such that every movement of the wind, and even those that were instinctive and belonged to the habits of another life, betrayed themselves in her. And "Oh," she said, "I knew not that there were any watch-towers, or any one to help, but came because my heart called me, if perhaps I might hold out my hand in the darkness, and help where there was no light."

"Come and stand by me," said the watcher; and the little pilgrim saw that there was a whiteness near to her, out of which slowly shaped the face of a fair and tender woman, whom she knew not, but loved. And though they could scarcely

see each other, yet they knew each other for sisters, and kissed, and took comfort together, holding each other's hands in the midst of the awful gloom. And the little pilgrim questioned in low and hushed tones, "Is it to help that you are here?"

"To help when that may be; but rather to watch, and to send the news and make it known that one is coming—that the bells of joy may be sounded, and all the blessed may rejoice."

"Oh," said the little pilgrim, "tell me your name that I may do you honor; for to gain such high promotion can be given only to the great who are made perfect, and to those who love most."

"I am not great," said the watcher; "but the Lord who considers all has placed me here, that I may be the first to see when one comes who is in the dark places below. And also because there are some who say that love is idolatry, and that the Father will not have us long for our own; therefore am I permitted to wait and watch and think the time not long for the love I bear him. For he is mine; and when he comes I will ascend with him to the dear country of the light, and some other who loves enough will be promoted in my place."

"I am not worthy," said the little pilgrim. "It is a great promotion; but oh, that we might be permitted to help, to put out a hand, or to clear the way!"

"Nay, my little sister," said the watcher, "but patience must have its perfect work; and for those who are coming help is secret. They must not see it nor know it; for the land of darkness is beyond hope. The Father will not force the will of any creature he has made, for he respects us in our nature, which is his image. And when a man will not, and will not till the day is over, what can be done for him? He is left to his will, and is permitted to do it, as it seems good in his eyes. A man's will is great, for it is the gift of God. But the Lord, who cannot rest while one is miserable, still goes secretly to them, for his heart yearns after them. And by times they will see his face, or some thought of old will seize upon them. And some will say, 'To perish upon the dark mountains is better than to live here.' And I have seen," said the watcher, "that the Lord will go with them all the way—but secretly, so that they cannot see him. And though it grieves his heart not to help, yet will he not; for they have become the creatures of their own will, and by that must they attain." She put out her hand to the newcomer, and drew her

to the side of the rocky wall, so that they felt the sweep of the wind in their faces, but were not driven before it. "And come," she said, "for two of us together will be like a great light to those who are in the darkness. They will see us like a lamp, and it will cheer them though they know not why we are here. Listen!" she cried. And the little pilgrim, holding fast the hand of the watcher, listened and looked down upon the awful way; and underneath the sweep of the icy wind was a small sharp sound as of a stone rolling or a needle of rock that broke and fell, like the sounds that are in a wood when some creature moves, though too far off for footstep to sound. "Listen!" said the watcher, and her face so shone with joy that the little pilgrim saw it clearly, like the shining of the morning in the midst of the darkness. "He comes!"

"Oh, sister!" she cried, "is it he—whom you love above all the rest?—is it he?"

The watcher smiled, and said, "If it is not he, yet is it a brother; if it is not he now, yet his time will come. And in every one who passes, I hope to see his face; and the more that come, the more certain it is that he will come. And the time seems not long for the love I bear him. And it is for this that the Lord has so considered me. Listen! for some one comes."

And there came to these watchers the strangest sight; for there flew past them while they gazed a man, who seemed to be carried upon the sweep of the wind. In the midst of the darkness they could see the faint white in his face, with eyes of flame and lips set firm—whirled forward upon the wind, which would have dashed him against the rocks; but as he whirled past he caught with his hand the needles of the opposite peaks, and was swung high over a great chasm, and landed upon a higher height, high over their heads. And for a moment they could hear, like a pulsation through the depths, the hard panting of his breath. Then, with scarcely a moment for rest, they heard the sound of his progress onward, as if he did battle with the mountain, and his own swiftness carried him like another wind. It had taken less than a moment to sweep him past, quicker than the flight of a bird, as sudden as a lightning flash. The little pilgrim followed him with her eager ears, wondering if he would leap thus into the country of light and take heaven by storm; or whether he would fall upon the heavenly hills, and lie

prostrate in weariness and exhaustion, like him to whom she had ministered. She followed him with her ears, for the sound of his progress was with crashing of rocks and a swift movement in the air; but she was called back by the pressure of the hand of the watcher, who did not, like the little pilgrim, follow him who thus rushed through space as far as there was sound or sight of him, but had turned again to the lower side, and was gazing once more, and listening for the little noises in the gulf below. The little pilgrim remembered her friend's hope, and said softly, "It was not he?" And the watcher clasped her hand again, and answered, "It was a dear brother. I have sounded the silver bells for him, and soon we shall hear them answering from the heights above. And another time it will be he." And they kissed each other, because they understood each the other in her heart.

And then they talked together of the old life when all things began, and of the wonderful things they had learned concerning the love of the Father and the Son, and how all the world was held by them, and penetrated through and through by threads of love, so that it could never fail. And the darkness seemed light round them, and they forgot for a little that the wind was not as a summer breeze. Then once more the hand of the watcher pressed that of her companion, and bade her hush and listen. And they sat together holding their breath, straining their ears. Then heard they faint sounds which were very different from those made by him who had been driven past them like an arrow from a bow, — first as of something falling, but very far away, and a faint sound as of a foot which slipped. The listeners did not say a word to each other; they sat still and listened, scarcely drawing their breath. The darkness had no voice; it could not be but that some traveller was there, though hidden deep, deep in the gloom, only betrayed by the sound. There was a long pause, and the watcher held fast the little pilgrim's hand, and betrayed to her the longing in her heart; for though she was already blessed beyond all blessedness known on earth, yet had she not forgotten the love that had begun on earth, but was forevermore. She murmured to herself, and said, "If it is not he, yet is it a brother. And the more that come, the more certain it is that he will come. Little sister, is there one for whom you watch?"

"There is no one," the pilgrim said, — "but all."

"And so care I for all," cried the watcher; and she drew her companion with her to the edge of the abyss, and they sat down upon it low among the rocks to escape the rushing of the wind, and they sang together a soft song, — "for if he should hear us," she said, "it may give him courage." And there they sat and sang; and the white of their garments and of their heavenly faces showed like a light in the deep gloom, so that he who was toiling upward might see that speck above him, and be encouraged to continue upon his way.

Sometimes he fell, and they could hear the moan he made, for every sound came upward, however small and faint it might be; and sometimes dragged himself along, so that they heard his movement up some shelf of rock. And as the pilgrim looked, she saw other and other dim whitenesses along the ravines of the dark mountains, and knew that she was not the only one, but that many had come to watch and look for the coming of those who had been lost.

Time was as nothing to these heavenly watchers; but they knew how long and terrible were the moments to those upon the way. Sometimes there would be silence like the silence of long years; and fear came upon them that the wayfarer had turned back, or that he had fallen and lay suffering at the bottom of some gulf, or had been swept by the wind upon some icy peak and dashed against the rocks. Then anon, while they listened and held their breath, a little sound would strike again into the silence, bringing back hope. And again and again all would be still. The little pilgrim held her companion's hand, and the thought went through her mind that were she watching for one whom she loved above the rest, her heart would fail. But the watcher answered her as if she had spoken, and said, "Oh no, oh no; for if it is not he, it is a brother; and the Lord give them joy!" But they sang no more, their hearts being faint with suspense and with eagerness to hear every sound.

Then in the great chill of the silence, suddenly, and not far off, came the sound of one who spoke. He murmured to himself, and said, "Who can continue on this terrible way? The night is black like hell, and there comes no morning. It was better in the land of darkness, for still we could see the face of man, though not God." And the muffled voice trembled at that word and was still suddenly, as though it had been a flame, and the wind had blown it out. And for a moment there was

silence, until suddenly it broke forth once more, —

"What is this that has come to me that I can say the name of God? It tortures no longer, it is as balm. But he is far off, and hears nothing. He called us and we answered not. Now it is we who call and he will not hear. I will lie down and die. It cannot be that a man must live and live forever in pain and anguish. Here will I lie, and it will end. Oh thou whose face I have seen in the night, make it possible for a man to die!"

The watcher loosed herself from her companion's clasp, and stood upright upon the edge of the cliff, clasping her hands together and saying low, as to herself, Father, Father! as one who cannot refrain from that appeal, but who knows the Father loves best, and that to intercede is vain. And longing was in her face and joy. For it was he; and she knew that he could not now fail, but would reach to the celestial country and to the shining of the sun; yet that it was not hers to help him, nor any man's nor angel's. But the little pilgrim was ignorant, not having been taught. And she committed herself to those depths, though she feared them, and though she knew not what she could do. And once more the dense air closed over her, and the vacancy swallowed her up, and when she reached the rocks below, there lay something at her feet which she felt to be a man; but she could not see him nor touch him, and when she tried to speak, her voice died away in her throat, and made no sound. Whether it was the wind that caught it, and swept it quite away, or that the well of that depth profound sucked every note upward; or whether because it was not permitted that either man or angel should come out of their sphere, or help be given which was forbidden, the little pilgrim knew not; for never had it been said to her that she should stand aside where need was. And surprise which was stronger than the icy wind, and for a moment a great dismay, took hold upon her, for she understood not how it was that the bond of silence should bind her, and that she should be unable to put forth her hand to help him whom she heard moaning and murmuring, but could not see. And scarcely could her feet keep hold of the awful rock, or her form resist the upward sweep of the wind; but though he saw her not nor she him, yet could not she leave him in his weakness and misery, saying to herself that even if she could do nothing, it must be well that a little love should be near.

Then she heard him speak again, crouching under the rock at her feet, and he said faintly to himself, "That was no dream. In the land of darkness there are no dreams, nor voices that speak within us. On the earth they were never silent, struggling and crying; but *there* was all silent, silent within. Therefore it was no dream. It was one who came and looked me in the face; and love was in his eyes. I have not seen love, oh, for so long. But it was no dream. If life is a dream I know not, but love I know. And he said to me, 'Arise and go.' But to whom must I go? The words are words that once I knew, and the face I knew. But to whom, to whom?"

The little pilgrim cried aloud, so that she thought the rocks must be rent by the vehemence of her cry, calling like the other, Father, Father, Father! as if her heart would burst; and it was like despair to think that she made no sound, and that the brother could not hear her who lay thus fainting at her feet. Yet she could not stop, but went on crying like a child that has lost its way; for to whom could a child call but to her father, and all the more when she cannot understand? And she called out and said that God was not his name save to strangers, if there are any strangers, but that his name was Father, and it was to him that all must go. And all her being thrilled like a bird with its song, so that the very air stirred, yet no voice came. And she lifted up her face to the watcher above, and beheld, where she stood holding up her hands, a little whiteness in the great dark. But though these two were calling and calling, the silence was dumb. And neither of them could take him by the hand nor lift him up, nor show him, far, far above, the little diamond of the light, but were constrained to stand still and watch, seeing that he was one of those who are beyond hope.

After she had waited a long time, he stirred again in the dark, and murmured to himself once more, saying low, "I have slept and am strong. And while I was sleeping he has come again; he has looked at me again. And somewhere I will find him. I will arise and go — I will arise and go —"

And she heard him move at her feet, and grope over the rock with his hands. But it was smooth as snow with no holding, and slippery as ice. And the watcher stood above and the pilgrim below, but could not help him. He groped and groped, and murmured to himself, ever

saying, "I will arise and go." And their hearts were wrung that they could not speak to him, nor touch him, nor help him. But at last in the dark there burst forth a great cry, "Who said it?" and then a sound of weeping, and amid the weeping, words. "As when I was a child, as when hope was — I will arise and I will go — to my Father, to my Father! for now I know."

The little pilgrim sank down into a crevice of the rocks in the weakness of her great joy. And something passed her, mounting up and up — and it seemed to her that he had touched her shoulder or her hand unawares, and that the dumb cry in her heart had reached him, and that it had been good for him that a little love stood by, though only to watch and to weep. And she listened and heard him go on and on; and she herself ascended higher to the watch-tower. And the watcher was gone who had waited there for her beloved, for she had gone with him, as the Lord had promised her, to be the one who should lead him to the holy city and to see the Father's face. And it was given to the little pilgrim to sound the silver bells and to warn all the bands of the blessed, and the great angels and lords of the whole world, that from out the land of darkness and from the regions beyond hope another had come.

She remained not there long, because there were many who sought that place that they might be the first to see if one beloved was among the travellers by that terrible way, and to welcome the brother or sister who was the most dear to them of all the children of the Father. But it was thus that she learned the last lesson of all that is in heaven and that is in earth, and in the heights above and in the depths below, which the great angels desire to look into, and all the princes and powers. And it is this: that there is that which is beyond hope, yet not beyond love. And that hope may fail and be no longer possible, but love cannot fail. For hope is of men, but love is the Lord. And there is but one thing which to him is not possible, which is to forget. And that even when the Father has hidden his face and help is forbidden, yet there goes he secretly and cannot forbear.

But if there were any deep more profound, and to which access was not, either from the dark mountains or by any other way, the pilgrim was not taught, nor ever found any knowledge, either among the angels who know all things, or among her brothers who were the children of men.

From Macmillan's Magazine.
GRAY.

EVERY boy who leaves Eton creditably is presented with a copy of the works of Gray, for which everything has been done that the art of printers, bookbinders, and photographers can devise. This is one of the most curious instances of the triumphs of genius, for there is hardly a single figure in the gallery of Etonians who is so little characteristic of Eton as Gray. His only poetical utterance about his school is one which is hopelessly alien to the spirit of the place, though the feelings expressed in it are an exquisite summary of those sensations of pathetic interest which any rational man feels at the sight of a great school. And yet, though the attitude of teacher of youth is professedly and rightly rather that of encouragement than of warning, though he points to the brighter hopes of life rather than brandishes the horrors that infest it, yet the last word that Eton says to her sons is spoken in the language of one to whom elegy was a habitual and deliberate tone.

Gray's was in many ways a melancholy life. His vitality was low, and such happiness as he enjoyed was of a languid kind. Physically and emotionally he was unfit to cope with realities, and this though he never felt the touch of some of the most crushing evils that humanity sustains. He was never poor, he was never despised, he had many devoted friends; but on the other hand he had a wretched and diseased constitution, he suffered from all sorts of prostrating complaints, from imaginary insolences, violent antipathies, and want of sympathy. Fame such as is rarely accorded to men came to him; he was accepted as without doubt the first of living English poets; and he took no kind of pleasure in it. He was horrified to find himself a celebrity; he refused to be poet laureate; he refused honorary degrees; when at Cambridge the young scholars are said to have left their dinners to see him as he passed in the street, it was a sincere pain to him. Cowper counterbalanced his fits of unutterable melancholy by his hours of tranquil serenity over teacups and muffins and warm coal-fires, with the curtains drawn close. Johnson enlivened his boding depression by tyrannizing over an adoring circle. But Gray's only compensations were his friends. Any one who knows Gray's letters to and about his young friend Bonstetten, knows how close and warm it is possible for friendship to be.

No biography is more simple than Gray's. From Eton he passed to Cambridge, which was practically his home for the rest of his life. He went as a young man on a long foreign tour of nearly three years with Horace Walpole, quarrelled, and came back alone, both claiming to have been in the wrong; he travelled in England and Scotland a little; he lived a little in London and a good deal at Stoke Pogis, where he kept a perfect menagerie of aged aunts, and he died somewhat prematurely at the age of fifty. He spent in all more than twenty years at Cambridge — the only event that interrupted his life there being his move from Peterhouse to Pembroke, across the road, in consequence of an offensive practical joke played on him by some undergraduates, who, working on his morbid dread of fire, induced him by their cries to leave the window of his room by means of a rope ladder, and descend into a tub of water placed ready for this purpose. The authorities at Peterhouse seem to have made no sort of attempt to punish this wanton outrage, or to have been anxious to keep him at their college.

So he lived on at Cambridge, hating the "silly dirty place," as he calls it. The atmosphere, physical and mental, weighed on his spirits with leaden dullness. In one of his early letters he speaks of it as the land indicated by the prophet, where the ruined houses were full of owls and doleful creatures. He often could not bring himself to go there, and once there his spirits sank so low that he could not prevail on himself to move. Almost the only part he took in the public life of the place was to write and circulate squibs and lampoons on people and local politics, most of which have fortunately perished; those that remain are coarse and vindictive. Nevertheless he had some true friends there: Mason, his worshipper and biographer, Dr. Brown, the master of Pembroke, in whose arms he died, and several others. He held no office there and did no work for the place, till late in his life the professorship of modern history, a mere sinecure, came to him unsolicited. It was his aim throughout to be considered a gentleman who read for his own amusement, and with that curious fastidiousness which was so characteristic of him, he considered it beneath him to receive money for his writings, the copyrights of which he bestowed upon his publisher. Forty pounds for a late edition of his poems is said to be the only money of this kind that he ever handled.

But he was, as has been said, well off, at least in his later years. He had a country house at Wanstead which he let, a house in Cornhill, property at Stoke, and, though he sunk some money in a large annuity, he died worth several thousand pounds.

It might be thought that such a life, meagre and solitary as it was, would furnish few details to a biographer, and this is to a certain extent true; but about Gray there is a peculiar atmosphere of attractiveness. He went his own way, thought his own thoughts, and did not concern himself in the least with the ordinary life of people round about him, except to despise them. This disdainful attitude is always an attractive one. The recluse stimulates curiosity; and when we pass behind the scenes and see the high purity of the life, the wide and deep ideals always floating before such a man, the wonder grows. He lived unconsciously at so high a level that he could not conceive how low and animal lives were possible to men; he owned to no physical impulses; he held that there was no knowledge unworthy of the philosopher, except theology; and over the whole of his existence hung that shadow of doom which lends a pathetic interest to the lives of the meanest of mankind.

When such a man is the author of the most famous poem of pure sentiment in the English language, as well as of smaller pieces by which some readers are fascinated, most impressed, and all of which have enriched the world with one or more eternal phrases, our interest is indefinitely increased, because isolation only ceases to be interesting when it is self-absorbed and self-centred. Gray, on the other hand, suppressed himself so effectually in his writings that he even caused them for some readers to forfeit that personal interest that is so attractive to most. "We are all condemned," he says, "to lonely grief," — "the tender for another's pain, the unfeeling for his own;" one of the latter could never have written these words.

The deeper that we enter into such a life, the more fascinating it becomes. All his tastes were so natural and yet so high; whatever he sets his hand to ceases to be dull; he had a transfiguring touch; he was moreover such a strange unconscious precursor of modern tastes and fancies, in such things as his self-created taste for architecture and antiquities, which by communicating them to Horace Walpole (for Gray's influence can be surely traced in Horace's artistic development) he suc-

ceeded in making fashionable; his dignified preferences in art, his rapturous devotion to music, especially to Pergolesi and the contemporary Roman school, whose airs he would sit crooning to himself, playing his own accompaniment on the harpsichord in the high unvisited rooms at Pembroke; his penchant for heraldry, his educational theories, his minute and accurate investigations of nature, as close and loving as Gilbert White's, recording as he does the break of dry clear weather into warm wet winds, the first flight of ladybirds, the first push of crocuses, the first time he heard the redstart's note in the bushes and the thrush fluting about the butts of the old college gardens, "scattering," as he said in a lovely impromptu line that he made in a walk near Cambridge, "her loose notes in the waste of air." In 1740 he wrote from Florence to a friend:—

To me there hardly appears any medium between a public life and a private one; he who prefers the first must feel himself in a way of being serviceable to the rest of mankind, if he has a mind to be of any consequence among them. Nay, he must not refuse being in a certain degree dependent upon some men who are so already; if he has the good fortune to light on such as will make no ill use of his humility, there is no shame in this. If not, his ambition ought to give place to a reasonable pride, and he should apply to the cultivation of his own mind those abilities which he has not been permitted to use for others' service; such a private happiness (supposing a small competence of fortune) is almost in every one's power, and is the proper enjoyment of age, as the other is the proper employment of youth.

And this was the programme to which Gray settled down. In what vast schemes of study he indulged we do not know; but we do know that he gave five years to a comprehensive survey of Greek literature, taking prose and verse alternately, like bread and cheese; he contemplated and wrote notes for an edition of Strabo; he translated many Greek epigrams into Latin verse, curiously weighing his words for weeks together; he read history exhaustively, with such tenacious accuracy that he could correct in the margin with the everlasting pencil dates and names in a Chinese dynasty—"a dismal waste of energy and power," sigh his biographers. No, it was no waste, for this was Gray. He wrote no poetry, except a few "autumnal verses" still unidentified. He could not write any. Mr. Matthew Arnold, in his delicate essay, blames the age for this; he puts Gray's reticence down to a want

of literary sympathy and intellectual stimulus. Had Gray been born with Milton or with Burns, he says, he would have been a different man. We may thankfully doubt it. Gray's nature, Gray's powers of production, would have been far more liable to be crushed into extinction by the consciousness of the existence of a superior artist, fluent and sublime. He would have read and wondered, and thrown aside his pen. The fact that he could strike out better verse and nobler thoughts than his contemporaries, though it did not urge him to prolific production, made him at least not ashamed of work that gained by comparison with the work of all living artists; but a genius on the scene would have肘ed Gray out altogether. To take the very first instance that comes to hand of his fastidious discontent, consider the two exquisite stanzas which he struck out of the elegy for no more adequate reason than that "they made too long a parenthesis."

There scattered oft, the earliest of the year,

By hands unseen, are showers of violets found;

The redbreast loves to build and warble there,
And little footsteps lightly print the ground.

Him have we seen the green-wood side along,
While o'er the heath we hied, our labors done,

Oft as the woodlark piped her farewell song,
With wistful eyes pursue the setting sun.

Akenside or Mason, Dyer or Armstrong, if they had lit upon any one of these delightful lines, would have made a whole poem in which to set it, and have been well content.

Perhaps his own words best describe the intrinsic characteristics of his writings: "Thoughts that breathe and words that burn." Gray's thoughts, the elegiac poet's thoughts, are common property, after all; every one has felt them, or something like them; the poet has got, so to speak, to make a formula which shall cover all the vague, blind variations of which every one is conscious. When he has thus made thought live, expression comes next, and here Gray surpasses almost every English poet. The words literally eat their way into memory and imagination; the epithets seize upon the nouns and crown them. Take such a stanza as the one to which Dr. Johnson gave a grudging admiration:—

For who to dumb forgetfulness a prey,

This pleasing anxious being e'er resigned,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,

Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind?

Try the effect of substitution or suppression on a stanza like that! Nothing can be spared; the gap if created could not be filled. A good instance of this is in a little poem of Gray's, written on a sheet of paper from which the lower right-hand corner has been unfortunately torn, thus depriving the last three lines of the last stanza of their last words. Both Mason and Mitford tried their hands at restoring the text. Mason's is the best, but they are both hopelessly far away. The lines run thus, Mitford's emendations being given above Mason's:—

Enough to me if to some feeling breast

My lines a secret sympathy impart,

And as the pleasing influence flows confest

A sigh of soft reflection heaves the heart.

The only thing of which we feel certain, is that neither is near the truth.

It is not only in his poetry that this sure touch is visible. I do not know any more simple or yet more worthy epitaph than the one that he wrote for his mother. "In the same pious confidence, beside her friend and sister, sleep the remains of Dorothy Gray, widow, the careful, tender mother of many children, one of whom alone had the misfortune to survive her." Given the circumstances and, so to speak, the sense, how many people could have produced such an ideal of tender dignity?

It is not within the scope of this paper to make large quotations, but page after page of Gray's letters illustrate this felicitous and apposite handling. In Horace Walpole's quaint diction: "His letters are the best I ever saw, and had more novelty and wit." But besides the perfection of style they have a charming meditative tone, combined with a certain subtle humor running through them which is hardly English. Moreover, Gray wielded to the full the power of allusion. Out of his teeming mind, echoes and memories, images and unsuspected likenesses streamed, encircling all that he thought or wrote. The perfection of classical culture, the departure of which we cannot help deploring, even though it may have been succeeded by a wider and freer sentiment, is seen in him; not only are his quotations exquisite, but there is a forgotten music which haunts his sentences and words, even in the very nicknames with which it was his delight to dub his friends.

I venture to quote the exquisite description of Burnham Beeches, which cannot be too well known.

I have at the distance of half a mile through a green lane, a forest (the vulgar call it a common) all my own, at least as good as so, for I spy no human thing in it but myself. It is a little chaos of mountains and precipices, mountains it is true that do not ascend much above the clouds, nor are the declivities quite so amazing as Dover Cliff, but just such hills as people who love their necks as well as I do may venture to climb, and crags that give the eye as much pleasure as if they were more dangerous. Both vale and hill are covered with most venerable beeches and other very reverend vegetables, that like most other ancient people are : *says dreaming out their old stories to the winds*. At the foot of one of these squats MF II Pensive, and it grows to the trunk for a whole morning. The timorous hare and sportive squirrel gambol around me like Adam in Paradise before he had an Eve, but I think he did not use to read Virgil as I commonly do.

In this letter emerges that fact which at least no one disputes, that Gray discovered and introduced the taste for natural scenery. He was nearly the first to love the hills and woods for themselves. He found out Wordsworth's favorite prospects in the lakes when Wordsworth was a dumb baby; he gazed upon Scotland and the Alps with a reverent awe. It was a time when writers about Nature's loveliness were accustomed to describe her with their back to the study window, and the only Nature that such men as Shenstone and Bowles revelled in was Nature as they had themselves adapted her. Gray was the first to take her as he found her.

To any one who is familiar with it, the quiet Buckinghamshire country where Gray lived comes to have a peculiar charm. Lower down, nearer the Thames, the land is oppressively flat, but Burnham and Stoke are on higher ground, broken into innumerable little undulations, with copses in the hollows, and little lanes meandering about for no apparent purpose except their own pleasure. It is a gravel soil, and immemorial excavations which indent the surfaces of all the hills and fields give a pleasant character to the whole. The wayfarer is forever looking down into pits full nearly to the brim of ferns and brambles, elder-plants and young ash-suckers; the great bare sweeps of the fields, with the rounded gravel lying thick among the thin vegetation, are broken by little hollows full of ragwort and the brisk hardy bugloss and a dozen other light-soil plants. Of Burnham Beeches itself it is unnecessary to speak. The old wreathed trunks full of gaping mouths and eyes, standing in the green twilight knee-deep in ferns, have

a character that no other trees wear, and the breaks of moorland scenery, heathery sweeps dotted with tall fir spinnies, out of which the owls call on summer nights,—all this is true forest, and needs no praise; but the roads and lanes themselves, with the venerable humpbacked Buckinghamshire cottages with houseleek and stone-crop on the roof, the moated farms, the parks set with noble cedars, the high-shouldered barns, all these are full of delight. The pedestrian may climb the long slope to Burnham and gaze up its straggling red-brick street, with the quaint cupola of the church (just about to give way before the whirlwind of restoration) topping the red-tiled roofs; he may pass on to Britwell, a house, half-grange, half-farm, with a high modern tower, where Gray used to live with his gouty uncle, a Nimrod *emeritus*, who, too broken to ride out, used to regale himself upon the “comfortable sound and stink” of his hounds by filling the house with them. The elm-girt paddocks and the tall plane-trees must be much as they were then. By Nut Hall, with its close of ancient walnuts, he may pass through East Burnham village, and finally descend upon Stoke itself by West-end House, still nestling in trees, where Gray was petted and coddled by his old aunts till he was too lazy even to go down to Eton, which lay full in view from the brow that spread half a mile below him. The tall chimneys of the manor, the hideous white dome of the park, the church ivy-girt and irregular, the churchyard surrounded by old brick walls on three sides, over which tower the sombre foliage of yews and cedars—all these he may see. The only memorial of Gray, save a tablet, is the one thing which he himself would have loathed. On a rising ground stands a huge cube of stone with marble panels, crowned with a dismal sarcophagus of the kind that suggests a hopeless prisoner forever trying to force up the lid. This was the best that they could do for Gray. The only other task that has been undertaken in his honor, is the hopeless and irremediable vulgarizing of the quaint and quiet college which he loved so well.

Shelley's letters are said by some to be the best ever written, but I cannot think that they come near to Gray's. With that independence so characteristic of him, Gray is perhaps the only writer of the time who entirely escapes the Johnsonian contagion. Johnson's style, as written by Johnson himself, has indeed most of the elements of magnificence; unfortunately it is also very useful for concealing the

absence of ideas. Gray's English, on the other hand, is pure and stately, and never diffuse; he said what he had to say and was done with it; he never appears to be endeavoring to “get in diction,” as so many of the imitators of the doctor undeniably did. In this respect it resembles Johnson's conversation, and for the art of statement it is hardly possible to say more.

Some slight affectation is traceable in the earliest letters. They are mostly written to his young and brilliant friend, West, by whose premature death literature, we may believe, was a loser. “Take my word and experience upon it,” he writes, for example, “doing nothing is a most amusing business, and yet neither something nor nothing gives me any pleasure. For this little while past I have been playing at Statius. We yesterday had a game of quoits together. You will easily forgive me for having broke his head, as you have a little pique with him.” He means to say that he has been translating him. West replies in the same strain. “I agree with you that you have broke Statius's head, but it is in like manner as Apollo broke Hyacinth's—you have foiled him infinitely at his own weapons.”

This is sad posturing, and only excusable in very young and clever men. These letters are, however, fortunately relieved by a short note, in which he is very humanly rude to his tutor.

As a specimen of the early style at its best, I may quote the following written from Rome in imitation of a classical epistle:—

I am to-day just returned from Alba, a good deal fatigued, for you know the Appian is somewhat tiresome. We dined at Pompey's; he indeed was gone for a few days to his Tusculan, but by the care of his villicus we made an excellent meal. We had the duggs of a pregnant sow, a peacock, a dish of thrushes, a noble scarus just fresh from the Tyrrhene, and some conchylia of the lake with garum sauce. For my part I never eat better at Lucullus' table. We drank half-a-dozen cyathi apiece of ancient Alban to Pholoe's health, and after bathing and playing an hour at ball, we mounted our essedum again, and proceeded up the mount to the temple. The priests there entertained us with an account of a wonderful shower of birds' eggs that had fallen two days before, which had no sooner touched the ground but they were converted into gudgeons; as also that the night past a dreadful voice had been heard out of the Adytum, which spoke Greek during a full half hour, but nobody understood it.

That is nothing short of admirable; it

catches the subtle classical flavor, and intermingles it with the later humor of which the Roman mind seemed so singularly destitute.

Among these earlier letters, however, there are charming passages in his natural manner. What could be better than this humorous description of Peterhouse and his life there?—

My motions at present (which you are pleased to ask after) are much like those of a pendulum or oscillatory. I swing from Chapel or Hall home, and from home to Chapel or Hall. All the strange incidents that happen in my journeys and returns I shall be sure to acquaint you with. The most wonderful is that it now rains exceedingly; this has refreshed the prospect, as the way for the most part lies between green fields on either hand terminated with buildings at some distance—castles I presume, and of great antiquity. The roads are very good, being as I presume the work of Julius Cæsar's army, for they still preserve in many places the appearance of a pavement in pretty good repair, and if they were not so near home, might perhaps be as much admired as the Via Appia. There are at present several rivulets to be crossed, and which serve to enliven the view all around; the country is exceeding fruitful in ravens and such black cattle; but not to trouble you with my travels I abruptly conclude.

But perhaps the most striking characteristic throughout the whole series are the extraordinarily felicitous criticisms, and the soundness of the taste which he brought to bear on an author. It is true he made mistakes; he spoke of Collins as a writer that deserved to live, but that would not; and he, like many other clever men, was carried off his feet by the rage for Ossian. Like other critics he was misled by the accounts of interviews with Macpherson, who appeared to be a dull, unintelligent person, incapable of originating or of putting together even such a composition as "Fingal;" besides, the difficulty of getting solid testimony on the subject seems to have been extreme. Gray's last word on the subject is: "For me, I admire nothing but Fingal, yet I remain still in doubt about the authenticity of these poems, though inclining to believe them genuine in spite of the world. Whether they are the inventions of antiquity, or of a modern Scotchman, either case is to me alike unaccountable. *Je m'y perds.*" We, nowadays, with all the barbarous treasures of Indian and Scandinavian literatures about us, find it hard to understand how fascinating the opening of such a mine must have been, even when the ore extracted was such thin stuff

as Ossian; the old, rude, primitive world, as simple as Homer, fighting and singing in desolate northern forests, seems to have been altogether too much even for the discrimination of Gray; his imagination was taken captive; he dreamed of little else; we have several disappointing attempts of his own of this nature, and of Ossian, or rather Macpherson, he writes: "This man in short is the very dæmon of poetry, or he has lighted on a treasure hid for ages." We may forgive him for having floundered here. Dr. Johnson, whose imagination was not so strong as his common sense, was the only man not misled.

But Gray on Aristotle, Gray on Froissart, is admirable; his pungent criticism on Shaftesbury, too long to quote, is a perfect masterpiece; even his verbal criticisms on the poor stuff with which Mason inundated him, are wonderfully patient and acute. It may be worth while to hear Gray on other people's elegies. He writes to Mason: "All I can say is, that your elegy must not end with the worst line in it; it is flat, it is prose, whereas that above all ought to sparkle, or at least to shine. If the sentiment must stand, twist it a little into an apophthegm, stick a flower into it, gild it with a costly expression, let it strike the fancy, the ear, or the heart, and I am satisfied." Again he writes, on the nature of elegiac writing: "Nature and sorrow and tenderness are the true genius of such things; poetical ornaments are foreign to the purpose, for they only show that a man is not sorry—and devotion worse, for that teaches him that he ought not to be sorry, which is all the pleasure of the thing."

Yet he could condescend to a little good-natured puffing of his friend's writings. He sends Mason's tragedy, "Caractacus," a tiresome work, to a friend. "You will receive to-morrow 'Caractacus,' piping hot, I hope before any one else has it. Observe it is I that send it, for Mason makes no presents to any one whatever; and moreover you are desired to lend it to nobody, that we may sell the more of them,—for money, not fame, is the declared purpose of all we do. He has had infinite fits of affectation as the hour approached, and is now gone into the country for a week, like a new-married couple."

He mistrusts his powers as a critic; "You know I do not love, much less pique myself on criticism, and think even a bad verse as good a thing or better than the best observation that was ever made upon it." Indeed his diffidence with re-

gard to his own work was profound. This is the first announcement of the completion of the elegy: "I have been here at Stoke a few days, and having put an end to a thing, whose beginning you have seen long ago, I immediately send it to you. You will, I hope, look upon it in the light of a thing with an end to it, a merit that most of my writings have wanted, and are like to want."

The following contains a pathetic touch; the diffident man's silent hankering after recognition: "I cannot brag of my spirits, my situation, my employments, or my fertility; the days and the nights pass, and I am never the nearer to anything but that one to which we are all tending. Yet I love people that leave some traces of their journey behind them, and have strength enough to advise you to do so while you can; winter is the season of harvest to an author."

This is his own account of his powers of composition: "I by no means pretend to inspiration, but yet I affirm that the faculty in question [of composition] is by no means voluntary. It is the result (I suppose) of a certain disposition of mind, which does not depend on one's self, and which I have not felt this long time. You that are a witness how seldom this spirit has moved me in my life, may easily give credit to what I say." The great doctor, whose favorite maxim it was that any one can write at any time who sets himself doggedly to it, was profoundly irritated by this. He speaks of Gray's "fantastic" notion that he could not write except at happy moments; a "foppery," he adds, "to which my kindness for a man of learning makes me wish that he had been superior."

Gray was a master of the art of delicate moralizing. I cannot help wondering that more literary apophthegms have not been extracted from his writings. Here is one, for example: "I am persuaded that the whole matter is to have always something going forward." And again: "You mistake me, I was always a friend to employment and no foe to money; but they are no friends to each other. Promise me to be always busy, and I will allow you to be rich." Or more solemnly still:—

A life spent out of the world has its hours of despondence, its inconveniences, its sufferings as numerous and real (though not quite of the same sort) as a life spent in the midst of it. The power we have, when we will exert it, over our own minds, joined to a little strength and consolation, nay, a little pride we catch from those that seem to love us, is

our only support in either of these conditions. I am sensible I cannot return to you so much of this assistance as I have received from you. I can only tell you that one who has far more reason than you I hope will ever have to look on life with something worse than indifference, is yet no enemy to it, and can look backward on many bitter moments, partly with satisfaction, and partly with patience, and forward too, on a scene not very promising, with some hope and some expectations of a better day.

The last extract is particularly characteristic, and strikes a note which sounds again and again throughout the letters. Gray was so serious. Seriousness unrelieved by humor is tiresome; but Gray, however melancholy he felt, could always retire a few paces and view himself as a spectator, with a smile. It is the truth that we do not really love a man unless we are sure that he is serious; he may amuse us and fascinate us, but he does nothing more. And Gray was never cynical; below his humor and contempt lay a deep regard for the holiness of life, for friendship, and loyalty, and old-fashioned virtues. Shelley attracts us, but we do not feel sure of him; our respect for Gray grows with every page we turn.

Of his humor it is difficult to give specimens. Isolated from the connection in which they occur they lose half their charm; there is a habitual tone, a point of view, of which extracts can give no idea. But it may perhaps be worth while to give a sentence or two to illustrate his habit of viewing himself. On settling in London he writes: "I am just settled in my new habitation in Southampton Row; and though a solitary and dispirited creature, not ungenial nor wholly unpleasant to myself. I live in the Museum and write volumes of antiquity." That was the sort of life that suited him. Nothing tires him, he declares, more than being entertained. "I am come to my resting-place, and find it very necessary, after living for a month in a house with three women, that laughed from morning to night, and would allow nothing to the sulkiness of my disposition. Company and cards at home, parties by land and water abroad, and (what they call) *doing something*, that is, racketing about from morning to night, are occupations I find that wear out my spirits, especially in a situation where one might sit still and be alone with pleasure; for the place was a hill like Clifden, opening to a very extensive and diversified landscape, with the Thames, which is navigable, running at its foot."

He does not indulge much in anecdote, nor indeed in witticisms of a direct kind, but when he met with a story that pleased him, he sent it on. The following seems to have taken his fancy, as it occurs more than once; and it may be noted in passing that Gray was never averse to reproducing a letter almost verbally for the benefit of two or three friends; there are several instances of these duplicate letters. "An old Alderman I knew, who after living forty years on the fat of the land (not milk and honey, but arrack punch and venison) and losing his great toe with a mortification, said to the last that he owed it to two grapes which he ate one day after dinner. He felt them lie cold at his stomach the minute they were down." Again, when he was told that a certain Dr. Plumptre, a plethoric pluralist, had had his picture painted by Wilson with his family motto below, *Non magna loquimur sed vivimus* — Gray humorously suggests a rendering: "We don't say much, but we hold good livings."

Apart from actual letters, his diaries are always delightful reading; and there is a peculiar freshness about them, because the taste for natural scenery was not then universal. It was impossible that there should be any cant about it then; any one who delighted in it was peculiar in his tastes; and Gray, who practically visited all the English districts where Nature shows herself on a more striking scale, met with little sympathy from his friends who were writing about her with their back to the window. It is impossible to illustrate this by quotation; but I may perhaps be excused for giving a well-known sentence, into which is concentrated a wealth of sympathetic observation; it suggests lonely evenings, when the winds were blustering round the little college court or moaning in the tall chimneys of Stoke; for after all it is an indoors criticism. "Did you never observe (while rocking winds are piping loud) that pause, as the gust is recollecting itself, and rising upon the ear in a shrill and plaintive note, like the swell of an Æolian harp? I do assure you there is nothing in the world so like the voice of a spirit."

It was not of course likely that Gray's letters would ever attain a very wide popularity; to appreciate them, they require a rather minute study of a very peculiar character, and a certain familiarity with the leisurely movements of a very un-

eventful life. And they are moreover touched throughout with a stately refinement, a certain delicacy and remoteness, which need almost an initiation to comprehend. In days when stories like "The Mystery of a Hansom Cab" run in a few weeks into a circulation of thousands, it is only to be wondered at that such things as these letters get readers at all; for they are high literature, not spiced for a jaded taste, but somewhat austere and solemn — the intimate thoughts of a high-minded man.

Much has been said that is wide of the mark about Gray's religious belief. The fact was that he was a pagan of the grand type. He was not really a Christian, but he had no wish to tilt against orthodoxies and accepted dogmas. The most that can be traced in his writings is a solemn theism. He recognized the huge inscrutable fate that lay behind the inexplicable fabric of human life and human history, but of the God with men, of the divine hopes, the consecration of life, the self-abnegation of the Christian, he had no recognition. This, I think, cannot be doubted. His contemptuous hatred of theology and of creeds is marked; he had no patience with them; of worship he knew nothing. It has been said that he would have found a medicine for his unhappiness in wedded love; he would have found more than a medicine in religion.

The stately pathos of such a life is indisputable. The pale little poet, with greatness written so largely on all his works, with keen, deep eyes, the long aquiline nose, the heavy chin, the thin, compressed lips, the halting, affected gait, is a figure to be contemplated with serious and loving interest, spoiled for life, as he said, by retirement. How he panted for strength and serenity! How far he was from reaching either! Yet the bitter dignity of his thought, the diffident and fastidious will, are of a finer type than we often meet with. We cannot spare the men of action, it is true; yet the contemplative soul, with the body so pitifully unequal to sustain its agonizing struggle, is an earnest of higher things. In the valley of shadows he walked, and entered the gate without repining. All are equal there; and the memory that he left and the characters that he graved on the rock, while they move our pity, stir our wonder too.

ARTHUR BENSON.

From Temple Bar.
MUD-LARKING IN BOHEMIA.

August, 1887.

My room is high up — on the second floor — and as some of the opposite houses are lower, I have a very extended acquaintance with such of their inhabitants as live in the roofs. Their windows fascinate me. It is very much to be doubted whether the most charming window in a flat wall, can compare in interest with the little hooded comfortably picturesque projections which stick out from their back-ground of tile or slate. There is an air of completeness, of individuality about them, not to be rivalled. They have their green shutters, their muslin curtains, with the rest of the world; on a miniature scale, indeed, but none the less effective. When their gaiety requires a finishing touch, they flaunt a bit of red cushion on their sills, and the thing is done. At this moment there is a very handsome girl, in an airy white *peignoir*, with her arms on the cushion, holding an animated conversation with another girl, who, in the streets below, looks up through the rounded chestnut trees. Presently she is joined by an older woman, and a hideous pair of worsted-work slippers is displayed to the friend below, with a running accompaniment of the invariable *Schön! Wunder-schön!*

But all the rooms are not in the roof, and there are more important apartments with balconies on which much of this open-air life is spent. And interests not being very many for the stranger in Franzensbad, it is astonishing how quickly one extracts them from one's opposite neighbors, how many little dramas, most of them probably with no vestige of foundation, unfold themselves. At any rate the world up here is freely admitted into the prosaic side of life. The amount of shaking of skirts, of washing and drying which goes on is amazing. Strange, thinly clad apparitions flit about the broad balconies, where the coffee is generally taken, and there is a great dusting, and drying, and arranging; later in the day, when the band begins to play, and all the gay world parades itself in the park, beautiful figures issue from the doorways, in whom you can scarcely recognize your opposite neighbors of an hour or two ago. But if the transformations are wonderful, no less so is the ingenious stowing away of whole families; the room opposite to this appears to shelter an astonishing number, considering its very limited size. To be sure the balcony with its great awning

affords an excellent outlet, and one may reasonably hope that the family possesses another sleeping cupboard elsewhere, but when they are all there, they give the impression of being somewhat crowded. There is an elderly grizzled husband, who smokes, and seldom speaks; when the weather is chilly the women wrap him in a grey shawl, an attention which he takes — like everything else — passively; there is a dear bright-haired little boy, also, under the same circumstances, wrapped in a grey shawl, but passive at no time, dancing, shouting, laughing, singing Strauss's Danube waltzes with a clear resonant little voice which makes its way all down the street; the joy and torment of his mother's heart, for his face is white and he has a cough which makes itself heard as plainly as his song.

Everybody in Franzensbad lives the same life, with a slight variation as to hours, the German-speaking population emerging at about six every morning, to hear the first band at the Salzquelle. I am bound to say that I think these early people are favored with the most classical programme, Beethoven, Mozart, Mendelssohn providing overtures or symphonies, whereas at the Franzensquelle, the seven o'clock, later, and presumably more frivolous comers have a larger proportion of dance music. Meanwhile, at either pavilion, and again later in the day, the portly form of Herr Tomaschek is seen conducting, and a very good band he manages to get together. The water-drinkers stroll about, sipping the cold sparkling water through tubes, for iron prevails largely in the Stahl and Franzensquelle. At the stroke of eight, the band finishes its last polka and vanishes in a moment, the world goes to its coffee in its balconies or under the trees, and after a short interval the business of the baths begins.

Situated in the very centre of Europe, for the Mittel Punkt is within easy reach, and of great repute among the nations round, Franzensbad offers to the ear an extraordinary variety of languages. Russian, Greek, Polish, Hungarian, the tongues of the Principalities, and Bohemian, or Greek, may be heard on all sides, besides the more familiar German. Speaking strictly as an outsider, I should say that Greek was the most musical, although Bohemian occasionally recalls Italian. But while the languages are many, the subjects are, apparently, with one consent the same. Sitting on the seats round the pretty flower-beds at the Franzensquelle, ten to one but in the midst of your neigh-

bor's voluble and incomprehensible discourse, you presently catch the word *Moorbad*. The doctors, the mud-baths, the degrees of heat, these are ever-prevailing topics, and every one has some experience to add to the common store.

There are *moor* baths elsewhere, but at Franzensbad their virtues are very potent, and, I believe, almost, if not quite, unique. They are strengthening and stimulating, without being too exciting, and their effect upon rheumatism and rheumatic gout, as well as upon other ailments resulting from poverty of blood, is at times so remarkable as to appear miraculous. But for the first experiment, let the patient summon up all his fortitude and resolution. In the bath-room, by the side of the hot mineral bath which the attendant prepares, is a strange cavity in the floor, flagged with large stones, and communicating by a door with an outer yard. Presently, when the number of the *Graden* has been given, with the additional instructions *dünn*, *mittel*, or *dick*, there comes a rumble, and into the cavity is rolled a wooden bath, rather like a Roman chariot in form, and filled with a dreadful black mass, into which the bathman plunges his bare arms to give a final stir to the horrid thickness, and then retires to his yard; the doors are closed, a curtain hooked across to exclude all draught, the *Badmädchen* wishes you, with what seems cruel irony, a pleasant bath, then she, too, departs, and you are left to the contemplation of this black, thick, and most uninviting mixture.

Habit, it must be said, quite cures you of your first disgust. It is peat, after all, not mud — peat which is brought into the town the previous autumn, stacked, exposed to the action of frost, and then broken up for each bath, reduced to its semi-liquid condition by mineral waters, and heated by steam. The feeling is rather pleasant and soothing, in most cases, than otherwise; what you might conceive a hot bog to be like, and the slight smell of formic acid is not disagreeable. It is true that the bather emerges quite black, but the other bath is ready to be stepped into, and the black promptly disappears, leaving the skin as soft as satin.

The *Moorbäder* are sufficiently strong to require care in the taking, and they are broken by mineral baths and by rest-days. The *Stahlbäder* form an exceedingly pleasant variety, for the matter is fizzy and very exhilarating. There are four great bathing establishments, and as everything is close to everything in Franzensbad, no visitor has far to go.

The baths over, people return home to rest, and at one are out again in search of luncheon or early dinner, or whatever the meal may be called. Most of the hotels have restaurants, into which strangers pour, although many dinners are taken outside, under the trees. The dining-room is filled with little tables to accommodate any number from one to twelve; but for solitary persons the system is not so pleasant as an ordinary *table d'hôte*. One individual sitting alone at his table in the midst of family groups is apt to feel as if he were on a desert island and there stared at. The food is generally very good, and certain Bohemian specialties such as *Backhuhn* and a particular chicken ragout are much to be recommended.

Between four and five, every one goes to the park — also close at hand. Now is the time for the most ravishing toilettes, for the most startling effects; now all the chrysalises of the balconies emerge in full butterfly flutter; now do they walk up and down, or sit at the little tables with their gay red tablecloths, and drink coffee, and produce the *Gipfeln* they have bought in the Kaiserstrasse on their way; while the band plays, and the sunshine streams through the trees, and in one part croquet is played in the most primitive fashion, and in another the children have their playground fitted up with swings, and seesaws, and games, and for the babies heaps of sand, with spades and wheelbarrows, and an old man to keep all straight.

By six o'clock the crowd is trooping away to drink at the springs once more. It strolls between the rose-sellers on the way to the Salzquelle, and round the Franzensquelle, and out to the more remote Stahlquelle. All about you are strange languages and strange faces, which after a time become astonishingly familiar. And then as the daylight fades into the beautiful clear evening sky the world goes to its home, the more adventurous spirits to come forth again to concert, ball, or theatre; but the greater part to drink their coffee and go to bed. My opposite neighbors scarcely light a candle; when the darkness comes they are ready to sleep, and this habit has all the advantages of economy.

At this time, we in Franzensbad have one common object — to stare at the crown-princess Stéphanie, who has been taking the cure here for some weeks, and who is charming-looking enough to make the staring very agreeable. She goes through all the routine of the day as faithfully as everybody else, and begins it as

early. You may know at the Franzensquelle when she is coming, by the little stir and rustle among the crowd, every head turned in one direction, and she is so tall that she has no chance of approaching unperceived. Without being exactly beautiful, she has many beauties — youth, pretty coloring, a good figure, and a very pleasant smile; all round you hear the words, *so hübsch, so freundlich!* Franzensbad is exceedingly proud of having her as a visitor, and has done its utmost to welcome her. The little town streams with flags, the yellow and black of Austria, and the red, black, and yellow of Belgium; arches are erected, and the fir branches of which they are composed are constantly renewed; a sort of bower — made of oleanders and other flowering shrubs — has been formed for her in the park, and there are Stéphanie gavottes, and Stéphanie handkerchiefs, and Stéphanie tarts, and all manner of ingenious adaptations. Of late her cousin the princess Dorothee has been with her, and the two evidently enjoy going about with an absence of etiquette, though with no chance of escaping the eternal bowing. The other day the crown-princess went into the children's play-place, and so gratified the old man in charge by sitting upon one of the swings, that he cried for joy.

Franzensbad, it must be owned, possesses few features of beauty in its situation, although Bradshaw treats it too harshly. It is an exceedingly cheerful little town, the streets wide and bordered with trees, the houses with an irregular and picturesque sky-line, with red roofs, green shutters and balconies, and a delightful abundance of Virginian creeper wreathing the windows. Life is carried on very gaily in the open air; there the shopkeepers sit at their work, and if a customer turns into their shop, they are after him in a moment. Instead of being shut into close rooms, the milliners' girls may be seen trimming their bonnets outside, and leading, to all appearance, a happy and wholesome life. But the town is built on a flat plain, which, though fourteen hundred and seventy feet above the sea level, is still a plain for miles around. The trees are small thin birches, water there is none, except the not very inviting Schlada brook. The charm, for charm there is, lies in the coloring. The distant Erzgebirge on one side, and the Bavarian hills on the other, take the most lovely and delicate blues, and in this month, when all the great plain is a mass of corn — corn

ripe and waiting for the reaping, corn cut, corn in sheaves, or piled on the immensely long carts drawn by great oxen, which make so picturesque a feature — the exquisite richness and softness of color almost cause you to forget the monotony of the plain. The women in the fields with their bright blues and pinks add brightness to the picture, and, as in all flat countries, you have for a setting a splendid expanse of sky.

It is not every place, moreover, which can boast an extinct volcano, and Franzensbad has a very compact specimen within a walk, the Kammerbühl, which was celebrated by Goethe, when he was here in 1807 and 1811, and of the lava from which was built the striking black tower of Eger Castle. Eger itself, only a few minutes by train from Franzensbad, is a delightful old town, with a broad *Platz* surrounded by picturesque houses, a commanding castle, a swift river, and plenty of narrow, dirty, and "drawable" streets. Outside the eleventh-century church a fresco is painted which requires explanation, the figure being undoubtedly that of St. Christopher, while fronting St. Christopher is an enormous leg and foot, which do not seem to have a part in his story. The old custodian of Wallenstein's house, however, came to the rescue. St. Christopher was a giant, and it was impossible for the artist to paint his actual size, nor could he even produce the desired effect. So by the side of the saint he represented his leg, life-size, and there it stands forever to show what a giant he was. The old double chapel in the castle, with its very strongly emphasized class distinctions, is well worth seeing.

There are plenty of expeditions to be made from Franzensbad by rail, carriage, and on foot; and walking is pleasant, as there are generally pathways under trees running along by the roadside, the larks sing above the cornfield, the kindly people wish you good-day as they pass, the broad, softly colored plain stretches away to the blue mountains, and the air is fresh and invigorating. Stöckermühle, with its Dutch-like house, its ponds, its reflections, and its frogs, is a very favorite short excursion, Sichenhaus and Seeberg are farther and more beautiful, and Stein, which nobody talks about, is an exceedingly picturesque group of old houses and mills on the Eger, within easy reach and with a good morning view for sketchers.

The princess has gone, and Franzensbad is sadly taking down its flags, and accommodating itself to the loss of roy-

alty. We ended, however, with a great flare-up. On these last days the princess held a sort of little court in her oleander bower in the park; she and the princess Dorothee pulling out the chairs, and arranging them themselves with evident enjoyment, until presently the first bevy of court ladies in their pretty bright dresses came curtsying up, and afterwards groups of other favored people. In the evening there was an illumination and serenade before her hotel in the *Morgenzeile*, all very heartily and effectively done. Little lamps ran up the flag-posts, colored Chinese lanterns, unusually pretty, and having something the appearance of old stained glass, were festooned across the road, and from tree to tree; while bigger lights, both white and red, flared joyously in every direction, and threw a blaze upon the balcony where the princess, with something of white lace flung over her head, and a glitter of diamonds in her ears, looked her prettiest. The crowd was dense and enthusiastic. The serenade ended with the hymn for the emperor, and then the fireworks broke out, and the princess started, and every one was highly delighted. It was all a great success, except an ambitious arrangement of the Austrian eagle on a huge black board, in colored lamps. Some of the lamps smoked and caught fire, and blazed in defiance of order and outline, so that they had to be ignominiously put out with sand. But this was nothing, and we all went home feeling greatly satisfied with ourselves.

It is much cooler than it was last year, and the heavy dews in the early morning seem as if they must try the rheumatic patients. It is not so, however, and the crowd comes and goes, and thrives as cheerfully as ever. The open-air life is, no doubt, very strengthening, and my little opposite neighbor has lost his cough and gained a color. Still the season is waning. People are flying off for the *Nachcur*, and though some come to Franzensbad for the same purpose, they do not amount to much. With a view to keeping up our spirits under the departure of the princess, many hopes have been held out, among others, that Bismarck was to repeat his visit of last year. We all put on the semblance of belief in these rumors, because they make us feel so important, but in our hearts of hearts we know that for this season our glory is over. However, some English have just arrived at the K—, and the landlord's wife is blessing *der lieber Gott*. and the landlord Dr. K—,

whose recommendation brought them; and even as I write, Fraulein S— has been in to say that Strauss has come, so the musicians will be put upon their mettle.

The plain is really a vast granary. Yesterday I went out towards Oberndorf, and hardly any green was to be seen, only different shades of corn and straw-color all around. The harvest is being splendidly carried, the great carts, piled to their utmost, creak along the fields, women with their sickles are helping the men to cut the corn, and the shocks stand out bravely against a background of blue mountain. The farms are large, substantial-looking buildings, often with a tiny chapel, which might hold at a stretch four people, attached. Few sheep are to be seen, and the pigs are the most hideous conceivable. There are hardly any divisions between the fields, but, perhaps from having been herded all their lives, the animals keep together, and show little inclination to stray, the great, sullen-looking oxen meekly submitting to the bullying of some child of infant years. Coming back yesterday, a storm of rain which had been threatening all the afternoon broke overhead with beautiful effects of light and shade. A ploughed field to the left, rising to a slight ridge, was joined by a sky of perfectly even and lovely grey, across which a double rainbow had flung itself. Moving slowly along this ridge, and in strong relief, was a great ox-cart, laden with corn, the driver was perched on the top, and the whole effect was most striking. Rain was much wanted, and during these last days we have had a good deal, but it is feared that it is too late to do much for the potatoes, upon which the poor about here greatly depend. As a rule, except at Eger, where the squalor and apparent wretchedness are remarkable, there are few outward signs of great poverty about, though the women work hard and soon look old, probably owing to the very heavy weights they carry, piled in great baskets, on their backs. It is in this way that almost all provisions are brought into the town, though sometimes a little cart drawn by a dog is used, and the live poultry arrive packed into a cluster of cages, in a hand-cart—a goose or a duck in the middle.

Not far from Franzensbad there is an old castle of Seeberg, a doubly-fortified building, placed on a picturesque and remarkable rock, which rises precipitously from the plain. It was a place of much importance in feudal times, and in the

fifteenth century was held by the Jonckher Caspar, who was a wise and enlightened ruler, and whose arms may still be seen over the principal entrance, with the date, 1461. Now it is the residence not only of the forester, but of a swarm of poor families, who give the long passages the appearance of a rabbit-warren. Apparently they were very poor, but the rooms were generally clean, and there were, perhaps, more attempts at decoration than would have been met with in England. Spinning-wheels abounded, and in one long room a pretty, fair girl of fifteen sat at the cumbrous and complicated loom. We asked how long she worked and what was the daily task. Twelve metres of wide stuff a day, and she worked from six in the morning till seven in the evening. She had no father, and the mother was toiling elsewhere. Yet she looked both healthy and happy, and one could but hope that there might be wholesome breaks in the terrible monotony of such labor.

Just within the borders of Saxony there is a village where, it is whispered, Rampoer Chuddahs are largely manufactured and exported to the large cities, though neither love nor money can buy them at the village itself. Lace is a very successful and beautiful manufacture of Bohemia, the Austrian empress having brought teachers from Brussels to instruct the women in the Erzgebirge, and the result having been highly favorable. The extreme severity of the winters makes it very desirable for the women to have such profitable indoor work at hand, and the stock is disposed of to the summer visitors.

The rain is over, warm sunshine is flooding the great cornfields, where the last of the harvest is being carried. Delightful places they are in which to stroll or sit. Keep quiet for a while, and the little mice, rustling under the tossed-up sheaves, will steal out and play about you; there is a constant rough chirp of grasshoppers, blue butterflies flutter gaily by, the larks sing rapturously overhead; a little way from you men, and women too, in bright pinks and blues, are lading the long *Leiterwagen* dragged by oxen. You may go and come where you will across the fields without molestation, sit and sketch, and meet with no crowding or inconvenience.

But now September has come, and the swarms of visitors are fast flying away, many of the shops are shut, and the waiters dismissed, while the station is crowded with departing guests laden with fare-

well bouquets. The train steams out past the very ugly and uninviting backs of houses, which Franzensbad would do well to decorate, and the last word caught from the last group on the platform is *Moorbad*.

From The Contemporary Review.
HAMDI BEY.

MOST nations in the course of their existence produce remarkable men, and Turkey has been no exception to the rule; the stagnation and apathy which for more than a century have reigned supreme in the empire of the sick man have, however, for many generations paralyzed her productive power in this direction. Her rulers have been venal and her people oppressed, and it seems that future historians will have a difficulty to find names worth recording in their last chapter on the history of the Ottoman Turks.

Nevertheless, contrary to every rule of this nation, contrary to her religion, her antecedents and her tastes, Turkey has at this juncture produced an extraordinary man, who is an artist, a freethinker, and an archæologist all in one. No man in the empire except the sultan has more power than he has, and this power he uses to baffle the efforts of all the archæological societies of Europe and America in the pursuit of research, and he tries, with remarkable success, to keep for his own amusement the vast mines of archæological wealth which are contained within the limits of the empire, and which represent most of the sites of interest celebrated in the early days of civilization amongst mankind.

This man is by name Hamdi, and his title of bey may perhaps in his case be equivalent to a K.C.B. His Excellency Hamdi Bey, as he likes to be addressed, is an insignificant man in appearance, a quaint little dark man with an ape-like face, a receding forehead, and a high skull but scantily covered with hair; on his long nose rests his *pince-nez*, and on his head when he goes out he wears the orthodox fez; he is lithe and active, rejoices in contortions, his skin is yellow and puckered, and, though still young in our acceptance of the word, it would be difficult to find an Englishman under fifty who would look as old. In point of fact, if he had been an Englishman he would probably have been a rival of Mr. Grossmith's on the stage, for nothing gives him keener pleasure than a photograph he had taken

a short time ago representing him as one of the contorted ragged beggars of Stamboul, with all the appliances of mendicity around him, including the wallet, the staff, and the dish for alms, and with the most abject look of distress on his visage that any beggar could possibly assume. "I am thinking," says his Excellency with bitter irony, "of sending this photograph to all the directors of museums in Europe who speak of me, the director of the Imperial Ottoman Museum at Constantinople, as a savage; it will be a satisfaction to the poor things to feel that they have been right for once."

Hamdi's origin is no less remarkable than his career; he is the son of the venerable Edhem Pasha, one of the most influential men of his day about the imperial court, having been grand vizier, ambassador at Vienna, a politician, rare in Turkey, who in his declining years has been able to maintain his position and influence. Edhem Pasha was a Greek by birth, pure and unadulterated, having when an infant been stolen from the island of Chios at the time of the great massacre there during the war of independence; he was of course brought up as a Mussulman, but, being clever, soon made his way, as anybody, however obscure his origin, can do in Turkey provided he has a cunning brain, whilst a brother of his, who was unfortunate enough not to be stolen, became a Greek priest in his native land, and remained in the humblest walks of life.

Hence Hamdi, though a Turk by education and the son of a Turkish mother, is a Greek on his father's side, and of this he is exceedingly proud, inasmuch as he is thereby able to connect himself with those classic heroes of whose deeds and reminiscences he is so fond; and, by claiming Chios as the birthplace of his stock, he is able to number Homer amongst his compatriots, and is consequently a staunch upholder of the Chiote theory respecting that mythical poet's birthplace. Hamdi thus came into the world with as fair a prospect of success in life as is allotted to any Turk, and his father, whose views are liberal and advanced, sent him to Paris to be properly educated; as a natural result of this Hamdi belongs to a class which has sprung up lately in Turkey—a class which forms a curious clique of young Turks who speak of France as their second country, who do their best to throw off as much as possible the trammels of Islamism, and who have taken with them back to Constantinople

most of the vices of the nation they strive to copy, but few of the virtues. It is indeed a curious development in the midst of the superstition and apathy of the decaying Ottomans to come across fast young men, who drink, read French novels, and frequent the theatres and gambling-hells of Pera. Hamdi, however, had a soul above such frivolities, and turned his eleven years of study in Paris to another account.

In the first place, he has married two French ladies, not together, according to the custom of his race, but in proper European sequence, one after the demise of the other; in the second place, though he speaks and writes French like a Parisian, he has not confined his studies to the perusal of Zola and Paul de Kock; in the third place, though he scoffs at his religion and does not refuse a glass of wine, he has never spent his days, like a Turk who has had a Parisian education, at those curious establishments in Constantinople which, though they have "Pharmacy" written over them, do not contain any drugs, but provide their customers instead with imitation champagne and bad sherry, ostensibly for the benefit of the inner man, but in reality because young Turkey does not follow the laws set down for it by the Koran.

It was during his life in Paris that Hamdi acquired that love for art, *bric-à-brac*, and archæology, which has determined his subsequent career. On his return from Paris, Edhem Pasha was in power, and naturally wished his son to be placed in a position that would ensure a prolongation of the family honors and influence. The profession first selected was diplomacy, but Hamdi could not endure it, for he had a soul above petty intrigues and the intricacies of the Eastern question. Then he was made prefect of Pera, and occupied this distinguished position with equal dissatisfaction to himself and those around him; with his cultivation for art and artistic tendencies, his duties in this post caused him the acutest misery, and he speaks of this period of his life, when he was an official and surrounded by all the attendant worries, as far the most wretched he ever spent.

Poor Edhem Pasha must have had considerable trouble with his sons, for Hamdi's brother insisted on becoming a student of natural science, which is as equally repugnant to the Turkish character and as great a barrier to advancement as that of art. It is difficult to imagine anything more hopeless than the

prospects of an artist in Turkey, for art in every shape is absent from the race; in fact, to a Turk of strict orthodoxy art is positively wrong, for does not the Koran say: "Woe unto him who paints the likeness of a living thing; on the Day of Judgment those whom he has depicted will rise up out of the grave and ask him for their souls; then, verily! unable to make the work of his hands live, will he be consumed in everlasting flames?"

But Hamdi cares no more for this anathema than he does for that which condemns the drinking of wine, and with the exceptional subjects at his command he has been able to achieve considerable success. Most of his pictures have found their way to France, where he has many clients, and where they have commanded satisfactory sums. The best represent scenes in the interior of harems, home scenes of Turkish women settling flowers, scenes in mosques, and scenes at tombs, subjects which are denied entirely to Christian artists. One of his best represents a woman weeping at the tomb of Sultan Mohamed, which is close to the mosque he built at Broussa, and is decorated with blue tiles. Hamdi is very good indeed when painting tiles, but somehow or other his figures suggest the criticism that they are not brought sufficiently into the foreground, but are pasted on, as it were, in the middle distance; nevertheless, his interiors are very lovely, and their great value arises from the fact that they faithfully represent what other people have only been able to paint from imagination or hurried sketches. In landscapes, too, he is fairly successful — one of Bagdad is excellent in tone and coloring — but it would be much better for him if he would leave alone pictures of smart young French *demoiselles* out for a walk; though he has had his wives for models, he has not been successful in the rendering of them.

By his exceptional position as the only picture-painter in Turkey, Hamdi has gained for himself great influence. Sultan Abdul Hamid frequently sends for him to decorate his rooms in the new palace he has built, Yeldiz Kiosk — much, however, to the disgust of his Excellency, who hates nothing more than the *métier* of a wall-decorator, and cannot endure the groups of fruit and flowers he has had to put upon the walls of the sultan's dining-room. On one occasion he had to spend no less than six months at Yeldiz Kiosk in this occupation, and for the time being lay aside all his other work, but as the sultan's commands are law in Turkey, and as Hamdi

is especially interested in maintaining his influence with his sovereign, he was obliged to grin and bear it, and executed the work faithfully. Nevertheless, Hamdi vents his wrath against his sovereign in private, going into every contortion expressive of rage when a new order comes to his studio from the palace. "That animal has ordered another picture," he will say, with grinding teeth, and one can easily understand that Abdul Hamid, who is himself so strict a Mussulman and so staunch an upholder of the bygone traditions of Turkey, must be in every way distasteful to the unorthodox and enlightened artist.

A visit to his Excellency's house and studio at Courant Chesmeh, or "Dry Fountain," on the Bosphorus, is exceedingly pleasant. If you go by carriage you will get excessively shaken by the bad road, but in compensation you will see the back doors of some of those stately palaces which line the shores of that sea-river — Dolma Bagtche with its imposing entrance, and the grand abode which the unfortunate Abdul Aziz built for himself upon a site where once stood a nest of poor houses, and in which he only slept one night because he thought he saw the ghost of an old woman he had evicted, and who had died on the occasion of being turned out of the tenement in which she had lived all her life.

Hamdi's house is a regular Oriental home with, as we should say, "something so French about it." It is built of wood, like most of the villas on the Bosphorus, with overhanging eaves. You enter a dank hall paved with black and white pebbles, and, on ascending the staircase, you find yourself in the spacious reception-room common to all Turkish houses of the better class, from which the women's and men's quarters open out to the left and to the right. The *haremlik* is certainly there, but it has been converted by Mme. Hamdi into a Parisian drawing-room, and you are shown into it without any hesitation; the *salemlik* is there too, on the opposite side of the reception hall, but Hamdi has converted it into his *atelier*, and his wife is as much at home there as she is in her allotted quarters. From the windows you get a lovely view over the rushing waters crowded with every imaginable kind of craft, and over the opposite hills of Asia Minor; it is a view to inspire any artist, and his Excellency is very proud of it. Behind the house rise abruptly green wooded heights, and the kiosk and gardens of Hamdi's father,

Edhem, are within easy reach. The walls of the rooms are decorated with a wonderful medley of works of art—Rhodian *faïence*, Eastern embroideries, tiles, and cases with choice Tanagra figures and other treasures of Greek art; in short, his Excellency collects everything that delights the heart of a *bric-à-brac* collector, and he has advantages in forming his collections peculiarly his own.

Hamdi comes in to welcome you with the most perfect of Parisian manners, and presently his wife will follow—a graceful woman with distinct traces of good looks, rather *négligée* in her dress and not a little *poudrée* it is true. And she looks sadly pale and haggard, poor thing, and one feels, as one looks upon her, that Marie Hamdi is one of those women who have taken an eccentric step in life and found it to be a mistake. Though she acts the complete Frenchwoman at home and roams at will through both male and female quarters, though she pours out tea and has her cigarette in the studio, yet she has to be the Turkish lady when she leaves her house. She never dares to go out without her *yashmak* to hide her face. She can never go out with her husband, nor does she talk with other men of the Turkish race, and she represents herself as bored to death by the inanity of the Turkish women with whom she is thrown in contact in the harems. She has two little children, Leila aged ten and Edhem aged four, and she feels keenly the future fate of her pretty little daughter, as she has before her the example of her predecessor's daughter, a bright, lively girl whom Hamdi has just married to a Turk, and for whom consignment to a harem means pretty much the same as penal servitude for life. When you look at Hamdi and think what he is both in appearance and position, it strikes one as truly remarkable that he has succeeded in prevailing upon two French ladies to abandon their religion and their country and to become the occupants of a harem. Hamdi's remaining feminine possession is in the shape of a mother-in-law, one of those typical Frenchwomen who in their latter days assume magnificent proportions; she is usually kept up-stairs and not shown to strangers.

You will be regaled with coffee and cigarettes; you will be shown the studio, the picture which has just been finished and the one at present occupying the easel; you will admire the many objects of *vertu* in the house; and you may be shown the apology for a garden behind,

for, after the fashion of these houses on the Bosphorus, his Excellency does not keep a gardener, but a fisherman, who supplies the family table with fish, who sweeps away from the front door the snow in winter and the rubbish in summer, and whose talents are so distinctly nautical that he cannot bear the garden any more than his master could diplomacy. Finally, Hamdi himself will conduct you to the front door, and his profuse thanks at the enchantment given him by your delicate attention in paying him a visit echo around you as the door closes, and you can picture to yourself the grimace on his Excellency's face, expressive of relief at your departure, as you struggle to catch your steamer through the semi-ruined village of the Albanians, jostling against ill-mannered Greeks and black Ethiopian women, who for greater security dispose of their steamer ticket in their shoe, and whose one object in life seems to be to conceal their ugly faces from the world.

Such is Hamdi Bey the artist when at home; but Hamdi Bey the archæologist, the stern opposer of all research except that undertaken by himself, the man who waxes into the most furious rage at the very mention of the Elgin Marbles reposing in the British Museum, who speaks of Mr. Wood, the excavator of the Temple of Diana at Ephesus, as his bitterest enemy because he succeeded in removing his finds, and who says that he will never assist the Germans in getting a *firman* again (he knows well that nobody can get a *firman* without his assistance) owing to their perfidious conduct at Pergamos—in this form Hamdi appears to us in quite a different aspect.

In the days when Turkey cared for none of these things and allowed her subjects to make lime in their kilns of valuable statues, those who exported treasures for preservation in other countries worked a great deed, and even Hamdi Bey is willing to accord to them the praise that is their due. "But," says Hamdi, "things are now altered. I am a Turk, and I care for these things. I have been appointed director of the museum at Constantinople, and as long as I live nothing more shall be exported. You rich English, French, Americans, may excavate, but it shall be for the embellishment of my museum," and, like a dog with many bones, he refuses to share what he cannot eat with the hungry archæologists who are gathered around. There are those who maintain that he is right, and who say that things found in Turkey should remain in Tur-

key; but can societies like the American Institute, for example, which is prepared to spend thousands on an excavation at Babylon, be expected to be content with the honor and glory of enriching Hamdi's museum without acquiring one iota for themselves? Furthermore, his Excellency Hamdi Bey is a unique individual amongst his race, and a mortal to boot. What guarantee is there that at the end of Hamdi's career the treasures he has amassed in the Seraglio museum will not be turned into lime or otherwise maltreated? for there is no one to succeed him, and no other person of authority in the empire who cares the least for what he is doing now. Constantinople is certainly not the place for a museum under the present *régime*; better far that the earth should retain her treasures until others rule in this land and a happier race of archæologists can enjoy in peace the results of their labors.

Over the whole of the Turkish dominions Hamdi Bey, with the great influence at his command in high quarters, has constructed a network of espionage to prevent the exportation of objects of antiquity. Turkish *kaimacams* and *moudirs* in the provinces are usually to be bought for money, and will let you do anything that is against the laws provided you are prepared to pay; but on the subject of antiquities they are firm, and refuse to allow the exportation of these objects, affirming graciously that they are very sorry, that they would be only too glad to accept the archæologist's gold if they dared, etc. etc., but that it is as much as their place is worth, that his Excellency will learn where the things came from, and will insist on their dismissal. One of the results of this strict surveillance over antiquities on the part of the Turkish government is that in the provinces people are afraid of possessing antiquities of any kind, and if they do not see their way to smuggling them out of the country they either bury them again or destroy them, for the possession of them will bring trouble. If they hand them over to the government, the men in authority are sure to think they have more, and persecute them, not so much for archæology's sake as for the favor they will get from Hamdi Bey. There is a poor man now in prison for no other fault than that he found a lot of gold coins, and as he has no means of buying himself out of *durance vile*, he will probably stay there for the rest of his days.

From the sultan, Hamdi has obtained the gift of the old Byzantine Church of

St. Irene within the precincts of the Seraglio, and this is now the Imperial Ottoman Museum of antiquities. It is very quaint and pretty with its many domes and rich blue tiles, and Hamdi's collections of sarcophagi, terra-cottas, statuary, etc., though not of the highest order of merit nor well placed or catalogued, look decidedly artistic in the niches, deep embrasures, and side aisles of the old church.

From the sultan, too, he has obtained a handsome sum of money for the erection of a new hall for the magnificent set of sarcophagi he has lately found in his excavations near Sidon, in Syria. This is the great work of his life, and he rouses himself into a perfect fever of excitement when discussing the subject, unblushingly affirming that they will make his museum one of the most important in the world and himself one of the most distinguished amongst men. His one dread at present is that foreign archæologists should see them and publish the results of his labors before he has had time to do so himself, and, with the view to baffling them, he has kept his sarcophagi carefully hidden in wooden cases, and if a curious stranger is seen prying too closely around them, he is immediately warned off by the guardian.

Beneath the Church of St. Irene are the vaults in which Hamdi keeps his bones — that is to say, the inscriptions and objects of interest which he has not yet had time to study. From all parts of the empire he has collected these — from Nicæa, Cyzicus, Mersina, and Palestine. No one is allowed to look upon them, and if perchance, by a judicious bribe, some enterprising archæologist has contrived to penetrate into this vault, he is hurried on and not permitted to copy a single letter. An American professor, of antiquarian renown, when on a visit to Cyzicus, found an interesting marble with a bas-relief on it and an inscription. On his return to Constantinople he informed the director of the museum of what he had seen, and his Excellency forthwith had it brought to the capital and consigned to this vault. Shortly after, the professor repaired to the museum, and on asking to see the marble in order to verify his hurried copy of the inscription, he found it turned upside down, and by no means in his power could he obtain another look at the front side of the marble.

In this way we can see pretty nearly what is his Excellency's aim in life. Money he does not want, for he can get from the sultan's private purse sums suf-

ficient for his purpose. The American minister to the Porte lately asked Hamdi to name any sum he liked in return for a liberal *firman* to execute the excavations which the American Institute proposes to make at Babylon, but his Excellency politely declined to come to any terms, alleging that H.I.H. the sultan was very kind, and that he was not in any immediate want of money. What Hamdi's soul craves for is archæological fame. His ambition is to become a second Schliemann, and, for fear that that fortunate excavator may stand in his way, he has forbidden him on any pretence whatsoever to set foot on the Troad again. Hamdi thinks, moreover, that his sarcophagi from Sidon will secure for him this desired fame; he darkly hints, though he is afraid to state it openly for fear of being laughed at if he is wrong, that one of his sarcophagi, with a battle scene around it, is the tomb of Alexander the Great. He has read the satirical remarks on Professor Schliemann's numerous bold assertions, and he fears to commit himself in a like manner, so he has had photographs taken of his sarcophagi, which he permits passing archæologists who visit him at Couront Chesmèh to glance at, and from their numerous suggestions he is building up his theories.

Although Hamdi Bey may be characterized as somewhat of a dog in the manger with regard to archæology, nay, even an obstructionist to scientific research, as many in their bitterness have expressed it, nevertheless, every one must have his due, and undoubtedly he has done considerable good in preventing the wholesale pillage of the mosques and public buildings of Stamboul. Not so long ago a certain pasha of exalted position borrowed a sum of money from a Frenchman, and when the time for repayment came he was unable to raise the required amount. "But," said he, "if I cannot give you money, for I have none, I can at least give you a lucrative post—namely, the repairing of the tombs of the sultans, which are in a bad state, and you can remove those old tiles which people care for, and replace them by modern ones made in France." Needless to say, this post was willingly accepted, and on setting to work the delighted Frenchman discovered, in a vault beneath one of the tombs, a whole heap of ancient tiles, which provident Turks of a bygone age had put there with a view to restoration, but of the existence of which the Turks of this generation were ignorant. Endless cases of valuable tiles

were thus collected and despatched to France, and, when it was found absolutely necessary to make restorations, cheap new tiles made in France were put up, and thus did the French creditor make over and over again the sum of money he had advanced to the pasha. The recurrence of such an act of depredation is practically impossible under Hamdi's strict supervision.

A clever *imam*, however, contrived to outwit the police regulations on this point in the following way. He was priest (*imam*) of a mosque some little way up the Golden Horn, which was very much out of repair. This fact he represented at headquarters, and obtained an order from the *evkaf* for the repairing of it. The first thing he did was to have the whole of the interior whitewashed over, tiles and all, and, when all the restorations were completed to his satisfaction, he sent for the overseer, whose duty it was to make an inventory of everything in and about the mosque. This was accordingly done, and the mosque was registered as containing no tiles. The cunning *imam* then kept quiet for about six months until he considered it safe to remove by night the tiles from the walls and whitewash the vacant spaces over again; with these treasures he hurried to the shop of some friendly antiquity-dealer in the bazaars and made his bargain. Such small acts of depredation are of frequent occurrence still, and even the astutest director of a museum cannot contend with them.

Young Turkey has produced many anomalies in these latter days, and the stranger who now visits Stamboul is shocked to find so little that is traditionally Ottoman existing, yet I think his Excellency Hamdi Bey is the greatest anomaly of all, for one would as soon expect an artist and an archæologist from amongst the Kaffirs or the Hottentots as from amongst the Turks; and if it could be felt that any permanent good could result to scientific research, or that eventual security for the vast treasures contained in the Ottoman Empire could be secured, Hamdi would have the support of every one. As it is, enterprise for the time being is paralyzed. The Palestine Exploration Fund, the American Institute, the French, German, and English archæological societies, all make the same complaint. And the future is as dark as the present, unless, by the time Hamdi is gathered to his fathers, other rulers are found for Constantinople.

J. THEODORE BENT.

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RICHMOND PALACE AND ITS ROYAL RESIDENTS.

It is somewhat a feat of imagination for a visitor who steers his way over Richmond Green, with its merry games of cricket and football, to fill the scene with the English kings and queens who once graced it with their revels. Few places have, however, played so large a part in the history of our proudest dynasties. To Plantagenets, Lancastrians, Yorkists, Tudors, and Stuarts, this was once familiar ground. Jousts and bear-baiting held possession of the Green; sometimes also Spanish jugglers delighted the courtiers.

Sheen was the original name of the village and palace. One is almost tempted to quarrel with Henry VII. for calling it Richmond. Till his day the place was known throughout England as Sheen-the-Beautiful. Leland, Camden, and Aubrey state that this name was given to the place because of the splendor of its first palace; but it is much more natural to find the explanation in the beauty of the river and the world-famed hill. Miss Strickland, indeed, refers to a tradition that Edward the Confessor so delighted in the scenery that he gave it this expressive name. Richmond still deserves that testimonial. Royalty has come and gone, but the Thames abides—the true patron of the classic village. The river has been the real author of its renown for well-nigh a thousand years. The royal barges which once floated on the river are gone; the gay courtiers who enlivened their pleasant journey between the palaces of Greenwich and Richmond with jest and minstrelsy have vanished; but old Father Thames still rejoices the holiday-makers who have escaped from the bustle of the town. In this respect history repeats herself. Stow bears witness that Sheen was the palace to which the predecessors of Richard II., “being weary of the city, were wont for pleasure to resort.” The place has changed its name and lost its royal residents, but it is still a chosen resort of the work-worn Londoner.

Sheen is not mentioned in Domesday. So far as records are concerned it yields the palm to its neighbors at Kingston, with their traditions of Roman occupation, their Saxon coronations, and their ancient charter granted by King John. Mortlake was in the hands of the Archbishops of Canterbury, and Barnes belonged to St. Paul's before the Norman Conquest, but Sheen finds no record in Domesday. It

was probably nestling under the wing of Kingston or Mortlake. The first royal resident whom we can actually trace at Sheen is the scholar-king, Henry I. How far he was associated with the place we cannot discover. Five years after the White Ship was lost he parted with the manor to Michael Belet, his cupbearer. A king that never smiled again was in no mood to enjoy such a riverside residence. Still it is interesting to know that the first Henry is the earliest royal resident. Richmond owes much to the Henries. Henry III. is thought by an old writer to have founded the first palace; Henry V. restored and enlarged it. He also founded the two famous religious houses of Shene and Syon. Henry VII. built there the grandest palace of the time, and honored it with the name of his ancestral estate of Richmond in Yorkshire. Henry VIII. was bound to it by a thousand ties of love and revelry. Poor Henry VI., less happily linked to the place, was sent here for safe keeping in his days of lunacy.

The first Henry forms a link to the days of Bernard of Clairvaux. The great abbot won him over to the side of Innocent in the struggle for the papedom. His nephew Theobald, Count of Chartres, who crossed to England with Henry in 1120 and thus escaped the catastrophe which befel the White Ship, in which he lost a sister, a brother-in-law, and four first cousins, was one of the chief patrons of that monastery. We know something of the Belets who received the manor and the manor-house from Henry I. Michael was the king's cupbearer; his son, who succeeded to the estate on his death, was a lawyer versed in canon and civil law. He served as chief butler at the coronation of Henry III., but in some way so offended that prince that his lands were sequestered. On payment of a fine of five hundred marks, however, the manor was restored. When his two nieces succeeded to the estates they were valued at £16 8s. 11½d. Each of the sisters had two hundred acres of arable land, there were twenty-eight acres of meadow, a rabbit-warren, a free fishery valued at one shilling, a pasture on the “Winyard” island in the Thames worth another shilling. Hugh de Windsor, Robert Burnell, Bishop of Bath and Wells, and Otto Grandison, all seem to have held the manor subsequently.

It reverted to the crown in the latter part of Edward the First's reign. “Tis probable King Henry III. was the original founder of a Royal Mansion in this

place, and perhaps left it to his son Edward I. to complete." Such is the statement made in an old account of the palace. Whatever that opinion is worth, we are at liberty to think of Edward Longshanks, the greatest of the Plantagenets, as probably the builder of the first palace at Sheen. It was here that the king received the Scottish commissioners sent to treat with him after the barbarous execution of William Wallace at Smithfield. Scotland seemed entirely at his feet. But whilst the council was sitting in London, Robert Bruce, who had come to treat with the conqueror, hastily left for the north. Next spring he was crowned at Scone. Bruce may be said to be one of the first great historic characters that appear on the scene at Sheen Palace. He was the evil genius of Edward, who died the following year at Burgh-on-Sands, on his way to reduce the daring rebel.

Of Edward II. Sheen keeps no trace. The third Edward, the hero of Crecy and of Calais, made the palace his home. Here Philippa of Hainault, the greatest of our queen-consorts, who is immortalized by the story of the burgesses of Calais, lived and died. Here Alice Perrers gained her hold on the affections of the lonely and well-nigh deserted king. England's idol—the Black Prince—must have been a frequent visitor here. The report made by the English prior of the Knights Hospitallers in 1338, speaks of the supernumeraries kept at their manor of Hampton, "because the Duke of Cornwall lives near at hand." His residence would either be at Sheen or Kempton. Sheen, therefore, must have had an ample share in the rejoicings of that age of victories. The triumphal entry of the Black Prince into the metropolis after the battle of Poitiers, when he rode upon his palfrey by the side of the French king John, who was mounted on his stately white charger, must have quickened the pulse of many a loyal villager in the royal manor. A few days before his death the prince received at Sheen the French commissioners who had come to treat of peace. When the old king died, just a twelvemonth after his son, a magnificent train of mourners escorted his remains to Westminster.

A melancholy interest attaches to Richard II., both as the son of the Black Prince and the last of an illustrious dynasty. The scene in Smithfield at Wat Tyler's death shows that he was not destitute of tact or spirit. That prompt act and his offer, "I myself will be your

leader," saved London from the rioters. But that gleam of promise only makes more keen the disappointment with which we linger over his reign. So long as Anne of Bohemia lived Richard retained the affection of his people. The young queen was "very precious to the people, being continually doing good to the people." When her husband quarrelled with the citizens of London, Anne became the peacemaker. She urged Richard to adopt conciliatory measures, and at last prevailed on him to visit the city in state. The gorgeous procession wound out from the gates of Sheen Palace and passed through Mortlake to Southwark. There was no bridge between Kingston and London Bridge, so that Westminster had to be reached by water or by the Borough and the city. When the royal procession reached Southwark the young queen put on her crown "blazing with precious gems of the choicest kind." The king with his officers of state and nobles formed one procession, the queen with her ladies and officers another. Anne of Bohemia had introduced the side-saddle into England, and taught her ladies to substitute that graceful seat for the older style of riding. There was, therefore, a special appropriateness in the gift of an exquisitely trained white palfrey which the lord mayor presented to the royal lady who had become their peacemaker at court. Sheen might well be proud of its royal mistress. Richard made the palace his favorite summer residence after his marriage. Geoffrey Chaucer was his clerk of the works both here and at the other palaces. The great poet does not seem to have fulfilled the functions of architect, but only to have been paymaster and director of the workmen, with the salary of two shillings per day. He must have been busy enough with repairs and enlargements, for the palace was crowded with retainers. Richard had a bodyguard of two hundred men and three hundred servants. Anne also had three hundred attendants of her own. As many as ten thousand guests were frequently entertained by this lavish young prince.

But the revels of this gay time were rudely interrupted by the death of the queen in June, 1394. Richard's letter, addressed to each of his nobles and barons, was issued on the tenth of the month. He begs his "very dear and faithful cousin" to repair to London on Wednesday, July 27, "bringing with you our very dear kinswoman, your consort." On the following Tuesday they were to accom-

pany the remains of the queen to Westminster. Right loyally did England respond to the call. All the nobility of the country, and all the citizens of London, are said to have come to Sheen, dressed in black suits and hoods. Amid a blaze of wax flambeaux and torches, the mournful procession bore Anne to Westminster, where she was interred next day. The citizens of London must have drawn many a bitter contrast between that day of sorrow and the day when they had welcomed their much-loved queen to the city.

The royal mourning left its mark on Sheen Palace for many a year. The forlorn husband, who must have felt that the chief prop both of his throne and his home was gone, "took her death so heavily, that, besides cursing the place where she died, he did also for anger throw down the buildings unto which former kings, being weary of the city, were wont for pleasure to resort." Things went ill with Richard after her death. Six years later he was deposed, and ended his days in prison.

During Henry the Fourth's reign the palace seems to have been deserted. The usurper was probably glad to avoid a place which was crowded with memories of his predecessor. His son, who succeeded to the throne in 1413, became the second founder of Sheen. Stow's account of the destruction of the palace probably applies only to the part in which the queen died. The building must, however, have needed much repair. Thomas Elmham describes the restored palace as "a delightful mansion, of curious and costly workmanship, and befitting the character and conditions of a king." It was a fortress, surrounded by a moat.

Sheen might well be proud that the victor of Agincourt, who won the hand of the sister of the French king by his victories abroad, was its second founder. His widow's marriage to Owen Tudor gave Sheen its greatest patron and founder in the person of her grandson, Henry VII. Henry V. left one abiding memorial of his reign at Sheen. Shakespeare makes him refer to this in his prayer before the battle of Agincourt:—

I have built

Two chantries, where the sad and solemn
priests
Sing still for Richard's soul.

These became famous as the Convent of Bridget of Syon at Isleworth, and the Monastery of Jesus of Bethlehem at Sheen.

Henry VI. resided at the palace in his younger days. It also, as we have noted,

became his home for a time when he was seized with insanity. There was an insurrection in London, and Margaret of Anjou found it prudent to send her husband to Sheen under the care of his half-brother, Jasper. The last of the house of Lancaster is thus sadly linked to the palace which his father had restored. His reign was an age of disaster. England was stripped of the Continental possession which she had won by such gallant deeds of arms, and was torn asunder by the Wars of the Roses.

The white rose of York bloomed next at Sheen. Hall, the chronicler, tells us Edward IV. incurred great charges for his alterations at the palace. The king summoned a wealthy widow to appear before him there, and asked what contribution she could make towards the bill. To his surprise and delight the lady answered: "By my troth, for thy lovely countenance thou shalt have even twenty pounds." Edward thanked her with a kiss. His gentry was not lost. "Whether the smell of his breath did so comfort her stomach, or she esteemed the kiss of a king so precious a jewel, she swore incontinently that he should have twenty pounds more." Such an incident is notable amid the exactions of that time.

Edward, as we know, succumbed to the charms of Elizabeth Woodville, the widow of Lord Grey. She seems to have been the first royal lady of the manor, for we read that, in the sixth year of his reign, Edward granted it to her for life. One glimpse of her court there is allowed us. During Eastertide, in the year 1465, when the queen had returned from high mass in the palace chapel with her brother, Sir Anthony Woodville, a bevy of her ladies surrounded the good knight, whilst he knelt before the queen with his bonnet lying near him on the floor. His fair captors fastened a band of gold about Woodville's left knee. This was garnished with precious stones, which formed the letters SS. (souvenance). From this band hung an enamelled forget-me-not. One of the ladies whispered that he ought to take a step fitting for the time. Then all fell back into their places. Woodville found a letter in his cap written on vellum and fastened with a golden thread. After thanking Elizabeth and her ladies, he carried this missive, which proved to be a request for a tournament, to the king, who gave permission for the jousts to be held. The articles of combat were soon sent, with the forget-me-not, to Count de la Roche, the champion of Burgundy. If he touched

the jewel it was a sign that he accepted the challenge.

Such a scene helps us to understand the gaieties of the time. But there is another side to the shield. The lovely queen was a crafty schemer, whose chief ambition seemed to be to secure the wealthiest and most noble partners for her fair bevy of sisters and for her children. Her intrigues for this end brought no little odium upon her husband, and raised up many enemies against the throne. Dark days followed those merry years at Sheen. Her two young sons were murdered in the Tower, and Richard III. usurped the throne. The battle of Bosworth Field brought brighter times. Elizabeth lived to see her daughter married, and crowned as consort of Henry VII. When the old queen died at Bermondsey in 1492, she left John Ingilby, prior of the Charterhouse at Sheen, as her chief executor. On Whit-Sunday her funeral barge floated past the windows of the palace, which had witnessed so many of her triumphs, on its way to the tomb at Windsor. Ingilby was there, the central figure in a meagre company of mourners, who paid the last token of respect to the once courted queen.

The Tudors were the chief patrons of Sheen. The proudest days of the classic village dawned when Henry VII., its third founder, ascended the throne. The Earl of Richmond was in his thirtieth year when he was crowned on Bosworth Field. Under his sagacious rule England had rest from its desolating feuds. Whatever murmurs might break forth in the nation as to the prince's niggardliness, the village of Sheen had no cause to complain. Its palace became a favorite royal residence. Henry's children were brought up there, or at Croydon. Jousts and tournaments often enliven the green in front of the palace. The whole month of May, 1492, was given up to such festivities. One melancholy accident occurred in connection with these revels. Sir James Parker was engaged in the lists when the coracle of his helmet broke, and his tongue was forced back into his throat. The poor knight died immediately.

On December 21, 1498, a great fire broke out in the palace, by which it was almost burnt to the ground. Henry and his court had gathered there to keep Christmas. The mischance no doubt disconcerted their plans and spoiled their feasting. No accident, however, could have been more fortunate for Richmond. Henry determined to build a palace worthy of his kingdom. It was in the same style

as his inimitable chapel of Westminster. An old writer in 1503 waxes enthusiastic over the charms of "this earthely and secunde Paradise of our region of England, and as I credeable suppose of all the p(ar)te and circuyte of the worlde, the . . . spectacle and the beautyouse exampler of all p(ro)per lodgings." The buildings stretched from the river to the green, and from Old Palace Lane on the west to the Friary on the east. The palace covered an area of more than ten acres. The green, which in those days was twenty acres in extent, was its pleasure-ground. The Old Deer Park was then occupied by the Great and Little Parks with the Monastery of Jesus of Bethlehem.

Having built this magnificent royal house, which far surpassed has palace at Greenwich, he renamed it after his own Yorkshire earldom. Henceforth it is known as Richmond Court or Palace. Henry is credited with not a little harshness towards his wife, the fair Elizabeth of York. It would be faint praise if we were to say that his married life compares favorably with that of his more popular son. But in truth the reports in his disfavor seem exaggerated. Henry was not at all a bad husband. He was an accomplished man, who had trained himself for the priesthood, in days when his fortunes were at the lowest ebb. His wife, the "good Queen Elizabeth," as she was called, was beloved by all. Elizabeth of York was married on January 18, 1486. Richmond has probably seen no fairer queen than the first mistress of the new palace. Her figure was tall and elegant, her complexion brilliantly fair, her eyes serene, her features perfect. When she entered London in November, 1487, in her twenty-second year, she wore a kirtle of white cloth of gold, damasked, with a mantle of the same material trimmed with ermine. This mantle was fastened on her breast with a great lace of cordon, curiously wrought of gold and silk, finished with rich knobs of gold and tassels. Her hair was of pale gold, like that of her mother, the beautiful Elizabeth Woodville. The queen had been well educated in English and Spanish, she was also a great lover of music, who spent much on musical instruments and devoted many an hour to hearing her minstrels and bards.

Her husband's private note-book, in which he jotted down the faults of his household, was destroyed by his monkey, to the amusement and relief of the courtiers, who found unpleasant facts thus consigned to oblivion. The queen's private

accounts have happily been preserved. We see the barge with twenty-one rowers which bore her Grace from her palace at Richmond to the royal residence at Greenwich. Each of the men received eightpence for the work of that April day in 1502. The master had a double gratuity, as also had the barge which waited beneath London Bridge in case of accident to the royal party as they shot through the narrow arches, where the waters swirled round so violently. Eightpence goes to the man who rowed from Richmond to London for the queen's bonnets. Carriage of divers gowns from the Tower to Richmond cost her Majesty eighteenpence, but, by some unexplained good fortune, they took their return journey for fourpence. Perhaps her husband should be credited with the latter bargain. "For going from Richmond to London for the making of a gowne of crimson satin by the space of two days, at eightpence a day," is an entry which sets one thinking. Who went? Did the queen herself steal down the river for the pleasure of trying on her gown and herself haste to fetch it? The ladies must decide that difficult question. A pair of shoes for the queen's fool cost sixpence. As we scan those details of expenditure we see the Lord of York's fool step in with a carp for her Majesty; a peasant brings her a present of oranges and apples, and a poor woman from Hounslow comes with apples also. They had no reason to regret their gifts. The abbot of Lyons sends her servant with rabbits and quails; his Grace of Canterbury provides Lanthony cheese; the abbot of Obourne regales her with woodcocks.

It was from Richmond Palace, then just completed, that Henry VII. set out to meet his son's bride on November 4, 1501. The roads were sodden with the rain, so that the royal party felt worn out before they reached Chertsey. On the third day they saw the bridal procession approaching. The Spanish officers wished to prevent Prince Arthur from looking at his bride, but Henry and his council held a solemn conclave in the open fields, which decided that Spanish etiquette must now give way, and that English customs must rule. Henry at once pressed forward. His entrance was forbidden by the grandees. But he calmly assured them that even if Katharine were in bed he would see her. The princess had no choice but to receive her resolute father-in-law. Prince Arthur joined them, and a pleasant evening was spent in music and dancing. When Kath-

arine was safely housed at Kensington, Henry returned with the news to Richmond. Thence the king rode a few days later to London for the marriage festivities, whilst the queen came down the river in her barge.

The young couple were married on November 14, 1501. Katharine's first visit to Richmond was made a Sunday or two after the event. The royal party set out from Baynard's Castle in time to attend morning mass at the new palace. Then Henry and his courtiers hastened through the gardens to his gallery, where chess, backgammon, cards, and dice were spread out.

Great were the rejoicings in Richmond, now wearing the new name conferred on it by its royal master. The Spaniards were the heroes of the hour. Two great poles were set up in front of the palace. A great cable was stretched across these poles, into which a Spanish acrobat mounted. First he climbed the sloping frame to the height of forty feet with a stay in his hand. When he reached his perch "he left his stay, and went upon the cable, sometimes upon pattens, sometimes with tennis-balls, sometimes with fetters of iron, leaping many leaps upon the said cable, both forwards and backwards, as he played sometimes with a sword and buckler; eftsoon he cast himself from the rope and hung with his toes, sometimes with the teeth, most marvelously, and with the greatest sleight and cunning that any man could exercise or do; after these, long beholding, with other goodly disports, the king's grace and noble company entered again through these pleasant gardens of his lodging in Richmond unto evensong, and so on unto his supper."

It was apparently on the same evening that a gay pageant was held in the Great Hall. A rock drawn by three sea-horses approached the dais with mermaids on either side. One was a man mermaid in armor. These mermaids formed cases or shells, on which were perched the sweetest-voiced children of the king's chapel, "who sung right sweetly with quaint harmony" as the pageant drew near the dais where Henry sat with his queen and Katharine. White doves and rabbits now burst out of the rock, causing no small stir among the courtiers as they flew and ran about the hall. Then Henry presented rich gifts of plate to the Spanish lords and ladies, with thanks for their care of Katharine. These attendants then took leave of the court and returned to Spain.

One incident illustrating the king's cordial relations to his daughter-in-law has been preserved. When Henry saw that Katharine was pensive after the return of her Spanish retinue, he took her and her ladies into his library, which he had just founded at Richmond, where he "showed them many goodly, pleasant books of works full, delightful, sage, merry, and also right cunning, both in English and Latin." Then he called a jeweller with his rings, and begged her to choose what she wished. The rest he distributed among her ladies—English and Spanish. "Thus he assuaged her grief and heaviness." After the death of Prince Arthur, apartments were assigned to Katharine at her own request in Richmond Palace.

It was from Richmond on April 22, 1506, that the young widow wrote her piteous appeal to Ferdinand for money to pay her debts. She tells her father that it was not extravagance that had led her into difficulty, but the purchase of food. Her tears had not prevailed with Henry and his Council to pay these bills. The fact is that the princess's marriage-portion was not yet sent from Spain. She was in sore plight. She had only had two new dresses since she came to England five years before, and had been compelled to sell her bracelets to get a dress of black velvet, "for I was all but naked." "So that, my lord, I am in the greatest trouble and anguish in the world—on the one part seeing my people that they are ready to ask alms; on the other, the debts that I have in London." She also begs to have a learned friar of the order of St. Francis of Osservancia sent her, as she could not speak English and had no confessor.

One visit that year must have cheered Katharine. Her sister had succeeded to the throne of Castile on the death of their mother, Queen Isabella. She and her husband, Philip I., were on their way from Brussels to the Peninsula when they were driven to our shores by a tempest. They were entertained by Henry at Richmond, "where many notable feates of armes were proved both of tytle, tourney, and barriers." On Thursday, February 12, 1506, Henry rode over to Richmond to see that all was prepared for his guest. The king and queen of Castile remained at Windsor till the Saturday, when the "Kinge of Casteelle, hawkinge and hontynge by the waye as he rode, came to Richemond." When Henry saw his guest approaching he met him at the stair's foot by the river and welcomed him to Richmond. "Ho-

beit a little before the king mete with him, the King of Castille advised the house without, and greatly prayed the bewtyfull and sumptuous edifice, sayenge to them that weare theare neare unto him, that yf it shold be his fortune to retorne to Bruxelles, that that Beau Regard [for so he called the palace] should be a patrone unto him, and so the king conveyed him to his lodgings." On Sunday the kings heard mass together, on Tuesday there were jousts, on Wednesday "hors-baytynge," on Thursday they went to "Baynard's Castell, and a hawkyng by the waye," on Saturday, after dining with the abbot and prior of Westminster, their majesties returned to Richmond. Monday was given up to wrestling between Englishmen and Spaniards, with "baiting between the horse and the bear." On Saturday they journeyed to Windsor.

Henry died of consumption at Richmond on April 21, 1509. His last hours are said to have been marked by superstitious devotion, and by attempts to make amends for the extortions of his reign. No English monarch had been more familiar to the good people of Richmond. His whole life after his accession centres round the place. Perkin Warbeck, who had escaped from London, had sought sanctuary at the monastery of Shene. The king's daughter Margaret had been betrothed in the palace chapel to the king of Scotland. Henry lay in state for eighteen days in the Great Hall. Then another magnificent procession passed along the Mortlake road to Westminster. The nobles and officers of the kingdom were there, and hundreds of torches and tapers lighted the way to the tomb.

Richmond shared the enthusiasm with which all England greeted its new prince, Henry VIII. There had been no such popularity as his in our annals. The best scholars of the day hailed him as a royal Mæneas. The common people grew enthusiastic over a prince whose muscular strength and unflinching courage were the talk of town and country. Above all, Henry mixed freely amongst them, in happy contrast to his father. The nobility and gentry of the land were no less warm in their loyalty. The golden age seemed to have dawned for England. In every physical grace and accomplishment Henry was certainly the first of his contemporaries. He was taller than any of his courtiers. The Venetian ambassador describes him as the handsomest monarch in Christendom,—"Very fair, and his whole frame admirably proportioned." He drew the

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best bow of the age; spoke French, Italian, and Spanish, delighted in music, was assiduous in State business, and took the keenest interest in his navy. England's cup of joy seemed full.

Richmond Palace was one of his favorite homes. Here he kept his first Christmas after his accession, and on the twelfth of January had his first tournament. Katharine graced the revels with her presence. Her young husband often delighted to display his prowess in the disguise of a stranger knight, or, dressed as Robin Hood, to burst into the room where the queen and her ladies sat with a band of nobles to represent the merry men of Sherwood Forest. Nicolo Sagudino, who spent ten days at Richmond with the Italian ambassador in 1517, says that "in the evening they enjoyed hearing the king play and sing, and seeing him dance, and run at the ring by day; in all which exercises he acquitted himself divinely." Another Italian visitor—Sebastian, the Venetian envoy—received a memorable rebuff from the young king when he rode over to Richmond with an alarming story about the invasion of the Turk. The Venetians were then coquetting with the enemies of Christendom. Henry sarcastically reminded him of this. "His Excellency the doge is on such good terms with the Turk, he has nothing to fear."

During the tumultuous scenes of Evil May Day, 1517, when the London rabble tried to murder all foreign residents, the court was at Richmond, whither it had retired to avoid the sweating sickness. Whilst that terrible pest raged in England during the next year the king moved from place to place alarmed at every report. The terrible scourge carried off the pages who slept in the king's chamber. Henry dismissed all superfluous attendants, and only retained three of his favorite gentlemen. But despite these precautions three more pages died the next spring in the palace.

Many illustrious visitors graced Richmond with their presence during the early years of Henry's reign. The Rutland papers describe the preparations for the most distinguished of all—Charles V. "Wynys layd yn dyvers places for the King and the Emperor between Dovyre and London." At Richmond provision was made for ten meals with "Gascon wyne and Renish wyne plentye." The village must have been packed with Spanish nobles. Six years later Henry kept St. George's feast there with the compan-

ions of the Order of the Garter amid magnificent solemnities.

We must now turn to that painfully fascinating theme—the married life of the worst husband of our annals. Happily we are allowed to speak of it freely. The good people of Richmond did not always enjoy that privilege, as one incident reminds us. After her divorce, Anne of Cleves obtained Richmond Palace as a residence. When news reached her little court of the fall of Katharine Howard two of her ladies were imprudent enough to talk over their sovereign's matrimonial life. "What a man the king is! How many wives will he have?" was the very natural comment. The unfortunate offender was brought before the Council and compelled to admit that she must have lost her senses when she gave utterance to such treasonable words.

Katharine of Arragon, the first of the ill-fated company, was greatly beloved at Richmond. She had been brought there as a young bride, had returned there as a young widow. There she had shared Henry the Eighth's revels, there also she had faced the sorrow and shame of the divorce. She had written to her father after Prince Arthur's death that she was not inclined to another English match. Like a dutiful daughter, however, she begged him not to consider her tastes or inclinations in the matter. He was to act as seemed best to himself. She frankly admitted that a marriage with the Prince of Wales was much to be preferred to her poverty and dependence at the court of her niggardly father-in-law.

Happy days seemed to be in store for poor Katharine. On June 25, 1503, she was betrothed to Henry. At Richmond, on New Year's Day, 1511, her first child was born, "to the great rejoicing of the whole realm." The king set out on pilgrimage to the Lady Shrine of Walsingham to return thanks. But on February 22, the infant Prince Henry died at Richmond. His household officers had already been appointed. In the gay jousts the king had kept the tourney in honor of his birth. But the record of these festivities is followed by the bill for four hundred and thirty-two pounds of wax tapers burned round the little prince's hearse.

When King Henry went to France in 1513, he invested Katharine with powers such as no female regent of the kingdom had ever before possessed. Her correspondence with Wolsey is dated from Richmond. On August 13, we catch a

glimpse of her rooms in the palace. England was arming for its struggle with the Scots. Katharine "was the soul of the enterprise." "My heart is very good in it, and I am horribly busy with making standards, banners, and badges." Three days after this letter, her husband won the battle of the Spurs. One of his prisoners, the Duke de Longueville, was sent over to England, where Henry wished him to be kept in her Majesty's household. For greater safety, Katharine sent him to the Tower. At the close of her letter explaining this matter, she adds: "Praying God to send us as good luck against the Scots as the King hath there." This was on September 2. Seven days later, the battle of Flodden was won by the Earl of Surrey with half the force brought by the Scottish king. Katharine wrote to Henry: "To my thinking, this battle hath been to your Grace, and all your realm, the greatest honor that could be, and more than should you win all the crown of France."

Katharine was not handsome, but she had a beautiful complexion, and in the early days of her married life was lively and gracious. She had been carefully educated, and danced and played well. "Her love and admiration for Henry were unbounded. There was not such a paragon in the world. He was her hero, her paladin." She wrote to Wolsey: "With his health and life nothing can come amiss to him; without them I can see no manner of good thing shall fall after it." Katharine was bitterly undeceived in later days. The indignity put on her by the divorce, the wrong to her child—the princess Mary—and the cruel way in which Henry separated mother and daughter, must have eaten into Katharine's soul. When Anne Boleyn was installed in the apartments at Greenwich Palace, with royal honors, the king withdrew himself more and more from Katharine. In 1529 we find her at Richmond. Henry's prolonged absence from her was much remarked. He had never been so long without paying her a visit. He excused his neglect by saying that some one had died of the plague near her residence. Katharine, however, led an active life in those trying days. She rose at five, and used to say that she lost no time in the day save what she gave to dressing.

The story of the unfortunate Anne Boleyn has some links to Richmond. Here she gave to Wolsey one of his first rebuffs, by insisting on being present at his interview with Henry in 1527, when the cardinal returned from his mission to

France. One of the queen's panegyrists tells us that, "besides singing like a syren, accompanying herself on the lute, she harped better than King David, and handled cleverly both flute and rebec. She dressed with marvellous taste, and devised new modes, which were followed by the fairest ladies of the French court; but none wore them with her gracefulness, in which she rivalled Venus." Whatever her charms, Anne Boleyn was no unblemished beauty. She wore hanging sleeves to conceal the little finger of her left hand, on which there was a double nail with something like an indication of a sixth finger. The ladies of Katharine of Arragon's court eagerly copied this sleeve, which soon became the rage in Richmond.

When Anne Boleyn heard of Katharine's death, her exultation knew no bounds. "Now I am indeed a queen," was her exclamation. That night she bade her parents rejoice that the crown was firmly fixed on her head. This was in January. The following May she perished on the scaffold. That day Henry, surrounded by his huntsmen and dogs, waited on a little rising mound, now part of Lady Russell's grounds in Richmond Park, for the signal gun at the Tower which should announce to the impatient king that Anne Boleyn had suffered. It is said that a flag was also hoisted on the spire of old St. Paul's, which was seen through a glade of the park. When Henry heard the gun, he shouted, "Ha, ha! The deed is done. Uncouple the hounds and away."

Jane Seymour knew Richmond also, for we find that the princess Mary visited her at its palace in 1536 and 1537.

Richmond Palace was assigned to Anne of Cleves as a residence on her divorce from Henry. She had no reason to complain. If she lost a husband, she gained £3,000 a year, with Richmond Court and several other manors. Here Henry visited her on August 6, 1540. He was charmed with his quondam consort's good heart and temper. The king promised that his little daughter Elizabeth, to whom Anne was much attached, should visit her. The tenderness of his leave-taking after supper on that summer evening made his attendants fancy that the "dutiful sister might before long be again the affectionate wife." But she had a happier fate. To her Richmond became a "paradise of dainty devices." The queen's rambles about the parks and gardens alternated with the more feminine

enjoyment of putting on new dresses made of the richest fabrics. She sometimes went up the river to wait on her former spouse and his new queen, Katharine Howard, at Hampton Court.

Edward VI. loved the old palace. He spent much of his time here, and wished to spend more, but, as the State papers say, "the physician dispraiseth the house, and wisheth us rather to Hampton Court." The young monarch's journal shows that he attended two weddings here in June, 1550. The first was that of Lady Anne Seymour, daughter of the Duke of Somerset, who had been restored to favor two months before, and perished eighteen months later on Tower Hill. The young king describes the "fair dinner and dancing," and speaks of the chambers made of boughs from which he and the ladies watched the tournament. Next day Sir Robert Dudley was married to Amy Robsart at the neighboring monastery of Sheen.

One barbarous sport during those marriage festivities is mentioned by the young king. A goose was hanged alive on two cross-posts; several gentlemen then vied with each other as to who should first cut off its head. The next month, when the sweating sickness was raging, Edward came to Richmond on July 13, with a great band of four hundred gentlemen. The enormous flow of visitors caused by state ceremonies filled all the inns to overflowing.

On Edward's death, his sister Mary became the mistress of Richmond Palace. Hers had been a sad life. The picture of the little two-year old child borne about the presence-chamber in her father's arms, and idolized by all the courtiers, is one on which lovers of English history will linger for the painful contrasts it suggests with later days. Her skill as a musician, and her gifts as a linguist, find many illustrations in the correspondence of the time. Dodieu describes her as "the most accomplished person of her age." Richmond was familiar ground to Mary. During her parents' absence at the Field of the Cloth of Gold, in 1520, the little princess kept royal state there. The Privy Council often visited her, and sent daily details of her health to her parents or to Wolsey. She was then four years old. Some Frenchmen of rank who were then in the country were taken down to Richmond in a barge after they had seen all the sights of London. Lord Berners and Lord Darcy accompanied them. They found Mary "right honorably accompanied with

noble personages, as well spiritual as temporal, and her house and chambers furnished with a proper number of goodly gentlemen and tall yeomen." In her presence-chamber, besides the lady governess, and her gentlewomen, were the Duchess of Norfolk, with her three daughters, Lady Margaret Herbert, Lady Gray, and Lady Neville. "And when the gentlemen of France came into the presence-chamber to the princess, her Grace in such wise showed herself unto them, in welcoming and entertaining them with most goodly countenance, and pleasant pastime in playing on the virginals, that they greatly marvelled and rejoiced at the same, her tender age considered."

In December, 1536, Mary visited her father and Jane Seymour at Richmond. Henry and his daughter had long been estranged from each other by Katharine of Arragon's divorce. But Mary won a place again in her father's heart. One of his presents to her was a gold border for a dress. Mary's losses at cards are frequently chronicled in the State papers. Like her father and Anne Boleyn, she was an eager gamester. The Christmas after Jane Seymour's death Mary was at Richmond with her father. Here she stayed till February, losing money as usual at cards, or busy with needlework for her friends. A box, wrought with needlework in silver, for "my lady Elizabeth's grace," is mentioned in the record of expenses. Here her greyhounds destroyed two sheep belonging to William Allen of Richmond, for which she honorably paid the bill.

We find various notices of Mary's visits from Richmond, where she was then residing, to her infant brother at Hampton Court. When Edward was king she visited him at Richmond. Her own turn to rule came at last. She was at Richmond when she heard of Wyatt's rebellion, and fled to Westminster for greater safety. Three weeks of her honeymoon were also spent here in 1554. Then the State barge bore the queen and Philip down to London for their royal entry.

The palace saw the glory and the decline of the virgin queen of England. Here Elizabeth came to visit Anne of Cleves, with whom she was a special favorite. It was her prison for a time during the troubled days of Mary's rule. In 1558 the royal barge bore her from old Somerset House to Queen Mary's pageant at Richmond. Garlands of flowers festooned the vessel. Elizabeth, with her maids of honor and the officers of her household, sat under its awning of green

silk "embroidered with branches of eglantine and golden blossoms." Other boats followed. The two sisters and their attendants had a sumptuous banquet in a castle-shaped pavilion of cloth-of-gold and violet velvet, with silver fleurs-de-lis, and Katharine of Arragon's device of the pomegranate in gold. The best minstrels of England enlivened the guests with a concert of music. As the summer evening wore away Elizabeth floated down the river to her home. Before the next year closed she herself was queen of England.

When she came to the throne Richmond was her favorite residence. Many events of her life cluster round it. On New Year's day, 1581, when she was forty-eight years old, she entertained the commissioners from France, who came to treat with her in reference to a marriage with the Duc d'Anjou, with a magnificent tournament. The "Castele fortress of Perfect Beauty," as the banquetting-hall was called, cost £1,700. In an elaborate masque, Desire and his four foster-children assailed the castle, verses were sung, two cannons were fired, "one primed with sweet powder, the other with sweet water." Then scaling-ladders were brought, and the castle taken. Desire had won the heart of the queen. Yet still Elizabeth baffled her wooers. She kept up her youthful spirits. When she was fifty-six one of her courtiers tells us that besides music and singing the queen had six or seven merry dances every morning.

One incident attached to the palace chapel has a piquant interest. There one day in 1596 Anthony Rudd, Bishop of St. David's, appeared in the pulpit. He preached from the words, "So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom." Nothing would content him save an application to Elizabeth herself. "Time," he said, "had even furrowed her [Majesty's] face, and besprinkled her hair with its meal." Elizabeth was then sixty-two. Great was the queen's indignation. "The bishop might have kept his arithmetic to himself," was her comment. Then she added "that the greatest clerks were not always the wisest of men." Bishop Rudd was ordered by the lord keeper to shut himself up in his house for a time. Elizabeth seems to have relieved her feelings still more effectually two or three days later to one of her ladies who had condemned the preacher. She said "that the good bishop was only deceived in supposing her decayed in her limbs or senses as others of her age were wont to be, for she thanked God neither

her stomach or strength, nor her voice or her singing, nor her ability for fingering instruments, nor her sight, was one whit decayed." She clinched this disclaimer by producing a little jewel on which was a minute inscription. This she offered first to Lord Worcester, then to Sir James Crofts, who both declared that they could not possibly read it. Then this royal farce, which deceived no one, was ended by the queen reading the inscription, and making merry with the courtiers, at the expense of the prelate.

It is a significant comment on the queen's indignation against Rudd to find that her health declined so visibly during the same year that her doctors advised her to try the air of Richmond. She herself was seized with an overwhelming sadness. When she reached the palace at the end of January, 1603, she ordered the ring which had been put on her finger when she was crowned to be filed off. She came to Richmond on a stormy winter's day, for she was eager to reach the place which she described as a "warm winter-box to shelter her old age." She lingered till March 24, 1603. The room above the gateway, still familiar to all who know Richmond Green, is said to have been the spot in which she died. Another scene is sometimes laid there. Every one knows the story of the ring which Elizabeth gave to the Earl of Essex. Whatever misunderstandings might arise between them that ring was to awaken tenderness and plead his cause. Essex kept the ring. At last in the crisis of his fate he entrusted it to the Countess of Nottingham, who was prevailed upon by her husband to hold it back from the queen. Essex perished on the scaffold. When the countess was on her death-bed she disclosed the guilty secret to Elizabeth. The queen roughly shook the dying woman, saying God might forgive her but she never would. A letter written by the French ambassador states that the queen begged to be excused from an interview with him on account of the death of the countess, for which she had wept extremely. The circumstances of the interview were not known for more than a century afterwards. Such is the story which is told of that little room above the gateway of Richmond Palace. Unfortunately for its accuracy, we know that the countess died at Chelsea. Elizabeth's death is one of the saddest pages in the history of the old palace. The queen could neither be persuaded to have medical aid nor to retire to bed. As the end

drew near she became more amenable to guidance. The Archbishop of Canterbury prayed long with her to her great comfort. She had the Tudor love of music. Hawkins says that in the hour of her departure she ordered her musicians into her chamber, and breathed her last while the strains lingered in her ears. So died the last great queen who dwelt in Richmond Palace.

Down the river, up which she had sailed in the royal barge nearly forty-six years before to visit her sister, Elizabeth's body floated on to Whitehall. One of the poets of the time paints the scene in a couplet, —

The Queen did come by water to Whitehall,
The oars at every stroke did tears let fall.

We will not spoil the effect by quoting the remainder of the lines in the same breath without a pause, —

Fish wept their eyes of pearl quite out,
And swam blind after.

After the death of Elizabeth the star of Richmond began to decline. The law courts and government offices were transferred to the village during the plague in 1603 and 1625. But if James I. preferred Windsor, his sons loved Richmond. "England's darling," as his eldest son, Prince Henry, was called, died in the palace. Inigo Jones had designed him a picture-gallery, for which he was paid £2,826. Here Henry gathered a fine collection of painting and statuary. The mourning of the people of Richmond was long expressed in the proverbial question when sorrow seemed near; "Why, did not good Prince Henry die?" When all medical advice failed, the prince's mother turned for help to Sir Walter Raleigh, then lying in the Tower. But even Raleigh's medicine could not save him. His terrible convulsions are said to have dislocated his spine, shoulder-blade, and arms.

On the last day of 1612, eight weeks after Henry's death, his retinue was dispersed and the palace was left vacant. Three years later, however, it became the home of his younger brother, afterwards Charles I. Soon afterwards, on November 4, 1616, he sailed down the Thames to London, where he was created Prince of Wales. King James stood on the gallery stairs of his palace at Whitehall, to welcome the gay procession which floated down the river, attended by the lord mayor and all the city companies. Little did any

one think, as they watched that sight, of the tragedy which should be enacted there in 1649.

Richmond was never gayer, perhaps, than in these early days of Prince Charles. Buckingham was with him. There was nothing to write about, says one of their contemporaries, but dancing and feasting. Richmond must have sorely missed them during the wild adventure of the prince and his favorite on the Continent. In 1627, the manor, mansion, and old park formed part of Henrietta Maria's wedding settlement.

After he came to the throne, Charles I. sometimes resided at Richmond. Like his elder brother he formed there a fine collection of paintings. Windsor Castle had superior attractions, but no prince has left a more enduring mark on Richmond than the martyr king. He it was who formed, in the teeth of all opposition and remonstrance, the Great Park which has been a priceless boon to the village of Richmond, and has become one of the chief delights of the London holiday-maker.

On April 12, 1650, the palace was purchased on behalf of some of Charles the First's creditors. Sir Gregory Norton, a member of the High Court of Justice, who signed the warrant for the king's execution, bought it. He was buried at Richmond in 1652. Henrietta Maria, the widow of Charles, occupied the palace for a few years after the Restoration. It is said to have then been "in part plucked down." Charles II. and his brother James were educated here, but they preferred their other palaces. Boat-loads of rare and curious furniture were taken down to Whitehall after the Restoration. The house was left desolate. A few repairs were made in the reign of James II., when Richmond became the nursery of the young Pretender. But the glory had departed. The old palace seems to have been almost destroyed at the beginning of last century. The archway facing the green, with Henry the Seventh's coat of arms, the little room above it, around which so many traditions linger, and the remnant of the former wardrobe buildings are all that now remain of a palace which has written its name broad and deep in English history, and which, from the days of Edward Longshanks to the close of James the Second's troubled reign, was one of the chief resorts of our greatest princes and our most illustrious courtiers.

From The National Review.
THE FRENCH CLERGY EXILES IN
ENGLAND, A.D. 1792-1797.

THOUGH I was born six-and-thirty years after the last French priest left the town of Thame, in Oxfordshire, in which, for more than five years, eighteen of these exiles, headed by the Archdeacon of Dol in Brittany, and subsequently thirty-two more, had found a temporary refuge from the terrors of the French Revolution, yet the memory of their sojourn, and the horrors which many of them had endured, remained even then a living tradition amongst the townspeople. Time after time have I listened as a boy with eager and engrossed attention to stirring narratives of the incidents which had been recorded *viva voce*, and which were again and again graphically recounted by those who had first heard them from the lips of the *émigrés* themselves.

The merciless cruelty towards Royalists and clergymen, the Satanic hatred of everything relating to a future life, the iconoclastic fury of maddened crowds under the tutelage of demon-inspired fanatics and madmen, produced scenes and sights throughout France, first in the cities and towns and subsequently in certain of the villages, scenes and sights which, though now forgotten, when first narrated, exercised a marvellous influence over the people of this country for more than two generations; imprinting on the minds of many the deepest horror of the French Revolution, which remained unimpaired and unblurred almost to the time of the Whig Reform Bill.

I came to be personally and specially interested in the subject thus :—

My great-grandfather and his son, a captain in a cavalry regiment, had actually witnessed the first outbreak of the Revolution in Paris. Both had been impressed by its unparalleled terrors; while what the former had seen, often recounted, but never recorded fully, led him to perform a prolonged act of charity in the town where he resided as a magistrate and deputy lieutenant for the county of Buckingham, and to be remembered as a true and beneficent friend of those clergy who subsequently found a refuge there, from the autumn of 1792 to the spring of 1797. My grandfather, the vicar of that parish from 1795, who had then only recently been ordained and instituted, at the same time did all in his power, co-operating with his father-in-law, to soften the lives of those who for their faith and high principles had become exiles from their country

and homes. I have listened again and again to the most interesting and touching details of suffering, self-abnegation, and hairbreadth escapes from death, which have made the deepest impression upon me, both religiously and socially, as well as politically, ever since I first heard them.

A recent examination of some old and forgotten family papers, having express reference to the period, and containing several features of interest, has led me to write these lines concerning a very noble act of the people of England, and to record a few details of the generosity of our forefathers to more than nine thousand of the French clergy, many of these being members of the noblest and most ancient of the old families of France, and in addition to nearly a thousand of the laity.

I duly extract or faithfully paraphrase the following from various private letters, a contemporary note-book, some official documents in MS., and certain carefully recorded narratives of events in France :

After the aristocracy, the French clergy became objects of the greatest abhorrence on the part of the frenzied and diabolically inspired mob. . . . In the name of Equality the Revolutionists established a band of permanent assassins; in the name of Liberty they transformed the cities of France into bastilles; in the name of Justice they everywhere created a tribunal to consummate murders; in the name of Humanity they poured forth everywhere rivers of blood. Robbery was unpunished, spoliation decreed, divorce encouraged, prostitution pensioned, irreligion lauded, falsehood rewarded, tears interdicted. An eye wet with pity led to the scaffold. Infancy, old age, grace, beauty, genius, worth, were alike conducted to the guillotine. A general torpor paralyzed France; the fear of death froze every heart; its name was inscribed on every door.

The following relates to a period, somewhat later than that of the first outbreak :—

The cathedrals and parish churches were stripped of their ornaments and taken possession of by the Rabble. Out of consecrated chalices degraded women drank strong wine until they became intoxicated, in honor, as themselves avowed, of Humanity and Liberty; and, while the images of our Blessed Lord and His Mother were thrown down, smashed, and trampled under foot, busts of the most repulsive and blaspheming Republicans were elevated and honored in their places.

An eyewitness put on record the following :—

One Revolutionist ostentatiously asserted that though he had lived the victim of Super-

stition, he would no longer remain its slave. "I know," he exclaimed, "no other worship than that of Liberty: no other religion but the love of humanity and of country."

Another eyewitness recorded in writing certain details that ought not to be forgotten:—

Hébert maintained that God did not exist, and that the worship of Reason was to be substituted in His stead. Jean Baptiste Gobel, the apostate Bishop of Paris, declared: "I submit to the omnipotent Will of the People. There ought to be no national worship at all, except that of Liberty and sacred Equality, as the Sovereign People wish it to be. From henceforth, therefore, I renounce and repudiate the Christian Religion.

From another letter the following is extracted:—

Mouvel, a comedian, went to the verge of impiety, when, amid the rapturous applause of the base creatures surrounding him, he dared to exclaim in the Church of St. Roch: "God Almighty, if you exist, avenge your injured Name. I am here to defy you utterly. I bid you due and deliberate defiance. Launch forth your thunders if you are able. . . . After your silence, after your impotence, what human fool, O God, will acknowledge your existence?"

As a direct consequence of such utter blasphemy and national impiety, Sunday was abolished. The church bells were silenced; children remained unbaptized; marriage, as a sacrament or Christian rite, was abolished; the sick received no sacred consolation in their sorrow and extremity, the dead no religious rites. Instead of the Catholic sacraments, licentious women performed degrading and disgusting rites in the ancient churches. Drunken artisans, wild in their license, in alliance and co-operation with such shameless prostitutes, profaned the sacred aisles by their filthy orgies.

And what was the immediate consequence? The clergy were everywhere persecuted. They were abused, seized, imprisoned, and put to death. Much that was done in virulence and violence is scarcely found in ordinary histories. Private letters from eyewitnesses, however, have described what then took place. No words, however, can truly depict the horrors of that awful Reign of Terror. One direct consequence was that, during the course of six years, commencing in the autumn of 1792, no less than eight thousand of the French clergy, some at one period, others at a later, including archbishops, bishops, dignitaries, parish priests, and ecclesiastical students, es-

caped to England, impoverished, ruined, starving. Our good and high-principled king, George III. gave up one of the old royal palaces, that known as the King's House, at Winchester, where nine hundred of these exiled ecclesiastics were housed, and provided with food, clothing, and the common necessities of life.

What was then done throughout the country is worthy of being recounted afresh, as the pages of English history upon which such is recorded are amongst the brightest in the more recent annals of Great Britain, and yet appear to be unknown, passed over, or forgotten by so many.

On Michaelmas Day, 1792, a "Committee of Relief," as it was termed, was formed in London for the whole country. It met at the Freemasons' Hall. John Wilmot, Esq., M.P., was chairman, while the following noblemen and gentlemen gave their assistance: William Wilberforce, Esq., M.P., George, Marquis of Buckingham, the Bishops of London and Durham, Henry Thornton, Esq., of Clapham, M.P., Charles Butler, Esq., K.C., Sir William Pepperell, Bart., Count Rumford, Hon. R. B. Jenkinson, P. Metcalfe, Esq., M.P., Culling Smith, Esq., Rev. Dr. Walker King, John Bowles, Esq., Richard Smith, Esq., W. W. Pepys, Esq., Thomas Bernard, Esq., J. J. Angerstein, Esq., Sir George Baker, Bart., and the Rev. Dr. Dampier.

The appeals of this committee, which met every week, having been largely and widely circulated, monetary assistance came in at once. For the exiles, in hundreds of cases, owned nothing whatsoever but the clothes in which they stood. A breviary, a pair of spectacles, a skull-cap, a snuff-box, a little money in their purses, a cloak or a wrapper, was all that most of them had brought hither. Ere they left in haste, undergoing hairbreadth escapes, murder had stared them in the face; while the guillotine or musket-balls had already sent many of their order to immediate death. At Portsmouth, Plymouth, Dover, Sandwich, Southampton, and Bristol, arrivals had come in batches. Benevolent persons in all these localities, and in several cases many of the poorest people, Protestants as well as Catholics, rendered temporary aid, and readily supplied the strangers with food and shelter. Local charity everywhere rendered immediate and efficient help. Before Christmas, owing to the wisdom, promptitude, and discretion of the Committee of Relief in London, temporary shelter and food had

been also provided for nearly four thousand of the exiled clergy, at Portsmouth, Winchester, Diss, Alderney, Thame, and Dorchester. In many places the country gentry and the clergy of the Established Church at once enlisted their neighbors in aid of the strangers, with no delay sending up liberal benevolences in money for this purpose. Several untenanted mansion-houses in various localities were taken in order to provide an immediate place of refuge for those in need. It is a pleasure, even at this distance of time, to read of the acts and words of charity done and spoken. In the case to which reference is made at the outset, the then untenanted residence, built by Sir Francis Knollys, of Thame, was at once hired for this purpose. It still stands, with spacious gardens and well-timbered grounds behind it, though these have been vulgarized, and is a good-sized, handsome, Queen-Anne-like mansion, on the south side of the High Street of that town; and was at once furnished under the direction of the Marquis of Buckingham and Mr. Richard Smith, the local J.P., for the purpose in hand. Within a week eighteen of the exiled clergy had found a refuge in it, superintended in the first instance, as director of the home, by Monsignor Thoumin Desvalpon, D.D., Archdeacon of Dol. Some of the exiles travelled hither from Reading, who had landed on the Dorsetshire coast; others came from London by the coaches from Oxford to Worcester. These were welcomed by the vicar and chief inhabitants; the stay of some extending to five years. Later on, thirty more exiled clergy and students of theology were received in the place of those few who had returned to the Continent.

In London the work of relief was carried on, often under difficulties, but yet with thorough system and effect. Nothing could exceed the zeal and charity of all the members of the committee. Of its members, Dr. Dampier, of French extraction, was afterwards respectively Bishop of Rochester and Ely. The names of Wilberforce and Thornton were well known for the earnest charity and piety of those who at that time bore them. Lord Buckingham was most munificent. Dr. Walker King, afterwards Bishop of Rochester, the grandfather of the present Bishop of Lincoln, contributed a handsome sum. Archbishop Moore, of Canterbury, was thought to be somewhat timid in his action; but Bishop Beilby Porteous, of London, and Bishop Shute

Barrington, of Durham, behaved nobly and most courteously to their exiled fellow-prelates. The private munificence and thoughtful kindness and consideration of these two dignitaries were remarkable. Mr. Charles Butler, one of the king's counsel, was the means of obtaining very considerable sums from the Roman Catholic nobility and gentry. His prudence and wisdom, in all that was attempted and accomplished, were always apparent, and he thoroughly commanded the confidence of his fellow-religionists.

For some months all the exiles were provided for by private munificence; but on Sunday, April 19, 1793, a solemn fast was appointed, sermons preached, and alms gathered from every church and chapel throughout England and Wales, by direct command of our Church's head, King George III. This would have taken place earlier in the year had not the Archbishop of Canterbury, whose interesting correspondence with one of his suffragans I have read, held it to be more discreet for the prelates of the Established Church to follow rather than seek to lead in a matter which might turn out to be one of some delicacy and difficulty. Everywhere the subscriptions and gifts were large in number and, considering the then poverty of the poor, considerable in amount. The responses to the appeals from their pulpits of the clergy,* many of whose printed or reported sermons were filled with authentic and startling accounts of what had taken place, were general and prompt. Mrs. Hannah More, in the height of her popularity, addressed a letter, touching in its simplicity and truth, "To the Ladies of England," which did much good. The Colleges of Oxford and Cambridge contributed handsomely. Several of the cathedral chapters did the same; while the College of Physicians in London added £100 to the central fund. Almost every village sent something; while local committees were at once formed in order to perpetuate and extend the aid, by monthly or quarterly contributions. Some thousands of these reached the Committee of Relief, with numberless suggestive recommendations and practical hints.

Later on, a grant from the government, personally suggested by the king, and

* None, indeed, at this season, are more entitled to our offices of love than those with whom the difference is wide in points of doctrine, discipline, and external rites; those venerable exiles, the prelates and clergy of the fallen Church of France, endeared to us by the edifying example they exhibit of patient suffering for conscience' sake. (Bishop Horsley's Sermon before the House of Lords.)

recommended to Parliament by his distinguished minister, Mr. Pitt, was made, in order to house, clothe, and feed the French exiles. It has been calculated that about £120,000 was, during the years 1792-95, apportioned for this work from the public exchequer of the country. This beneficent act commanded the admiration of all civilized nations.

Amongst the earlier exiled prelates were the following :—

D'Albignac, Bishop of Angoulême, aged 60, paralyzed; his income had been £2,000 a year. Le Mintier, Bishop of Triguier, aged 66; his income had been £1,500. De Cheylus, Bishop of Bayeux, aged 80; his income had been £10,000. De Hercé, Bishop of Dol,* aged 70; his income was £1,500. He was sent to Bath for the waters, being a confirmed invalid, but subsequently returned to his native land. De Barral, Bishop of Troyes, aged 45; his income had been £2,500. Lamarche, Bishop of St. Pol de Leon; his income had been £1,500.

Amongst those who arrived in England at a later period were the Archbishops of Aix and Bordeaux; and the Bishops of Coutances, D'Usez, and De Pamiers. These exiled bishops received ten guineas a month, partly supplied by the government and partly by the Committee of Relief. Later on, in the year 1796, these sums, by want of funds, were reduced to eight guineas a month. Of archdeacons, vicars-general, and canons, there were too many to enumerate.

At the close of the year 1793, independent of the clergy who were supported in England by remittances from their friends and kinsfolk in France, and independent of the laity and those exiles in the position of servants, there were 4,008 priests receiving from the government £7,830 a month. And this was in addition to the various public and private benefactions which had been collected in the parish churches and chapels, and from private sources. The government likewise had become responsible for the board and lodging of 375 lay persons, at the same period, expending with this object £560 a month.

At Winchester the King's House was, in some haste, fitted up most efficiently,

and no less than nine hundred clergy were therein comfortably housed. A distinguished administrator, the Very Rev. Abbé Martin, governed the place, being the official agent of the Committee of Relief, with an English steward and sub-steward under him. Sufficient servants of all sorts were engaged, and the general arrangements and administration appear to have been admirable. From five to ten beds were placed in every sleeping-room. There were, in addition, a dining-room and a common room for conversation, and, later on, a room used for prayer and meditation, a chapel or oratory.

I have gathered the following details from original papers on the subject, giving some account of the exiles' style of living. The community being large, and the management careful, it was found that all the expenses of the King's House only amounted to the very moderate sum of six shillings a week per head, a marvel of economy.

The arrangements for meals, both as regards food and hours of taking it, were as follows :—

Bread, cheese, and beer for breakfast at 7 A.M.

Dinner daily at 12 at noon.

Supper at 7 P.M.

Soup and bouillie, with vegetables, were provided for dinner, except on Fridays and Saturdays, and then pease-soup and salt fish.

Roast or baked meat was put on the table for supper except on Fridays and Saturdays, when the fish diet was substituted.

All persons, including servants, were allowed, every ordinary day, the following provisions, viz. :—

Meat: mutton, beef, veal or lamb, 1 lb.; bread, 1 lb. and a half; vegetables, 1 lb. and a half; cheese, 2 ounces; beer, two quarts.

On Fridays and Saturdays, salt fish $\frac{1}{2}$ a pound; pease, $\frac{3}{4}$ of a pint; beer, two quarts.

For each room—coals $\frac{1}{2}$ a bushel a day; two candles daily.

As regards the laundry part of the scheme at Winchester, each person was provided every week with two shirts, two pairs of stockings, two neckcloths (the Roman collar not having been then introduced, the clergy wore the ordinary neckcloth of lawn or fine linen), two pairs of handkerchiefs, one large towel, and a clean pair of sheets every three weeks.

A noble letter from the pen of the Rev. Thomas Bowdler addressed to Henry,

* On July 30th, 1795, the Bishop of Dol was executed at Vannes. He might have escaped to the British ships in the bay, but nobly stood his ground. His brother, the Abbé de Hercé, died with him and sixteen other clerics. Seven hundred Royalist laymen were butchered at the same time. The meadow near Auvay, where these were murdered, received the name of the *Prairie des Martyrs*.

third Earl Bathurst, and dated "Bath, 8 Feb., 1793," gives an interesting account of his official visit to Winchester. He appears to have also visited the exiles of Lewes, Diss, and Thame. As regards those resident in the King's House at Winchester, this is his pleasant account:

I was happy to observe a general appearance of health and contentment. I asked them if everything was good. "Excellent." "Were they satisfied with their situation?" "They would be very ungrateful if they were not." "Was the Agent attentive?" "Very polite, very attentive, and very ready to do anything that depended upon him."

As regards the exiles at Thame, the following is on record:—

They are comfortably lodged in one of the best and most commodious houses in this clean and pleasant market-town. Both the gentlefolks and the better class of tradesmen treat them with every consideration and respect. Mr. Richard Smith is their personal friend, and they are all known to, and friendly with, the parish clergyman.

The following was also written regarding these exiles:—

They have been received with favor by many of the country gentles; and in some houses are often welcome guests . . . takes to cards, and plays an excellent game at whist.

I cannot forget [Mr. Bowdler wrote] that these clergymen are men who have given up everything which they possessed, and everything to which they looked forward for their support in this world, rather than abandon their duty to God by taking an oath which they conceived would be perjury.*

As to the bearing of the exiles towards the English nation, another writer informed one of the members of the London Committee of Relief, that the Abbé Martin, who presided over the King's House, expressed to Mr. Bowdler, "in stronger terms than I can do to your lordship, his gratitude to the English nation in general, and to the Committee of Relief in particular. He said also that he should not do justice to the clergy if he did not add that they were truly sensible of the unparalleled kindness they had experienced, for which they could make no return but by their prayers and good conduct."

From time to time fresh arrivals came from France, where disorder, rapine, and murder still ruled. The general almoner and treasurer of the Relief Committee was the Bishop of St. Pol de Leon, who re-

sided at 10 Queen's Square, Bloomsbury; who gave every person arriving, and every application from such, the most formal consideration. The Rev. R. Sneyd, a clergyman of the Established Church at Lewes, applied for aid on their behalf, in favor of certain exiles temporarily sojourning in that town. It was given, at Dr. Dampier's recommendation, without delay. Lord Carnarvon, whose letter belongs to a later year, viz., February 18th, 1795, put the case of the Archbishop of Aix most strongly before the committee. His Grace was at once and delicately assisted.

On May 7th, 1795, a Mr. Douglas wrote from Bedford to London in favor of the Benedictine nuns from Dunkirk, and for the Poor Clares of the same town, then just arrived in England; also for the Poor Clares of Gravelines, fifty-three in number, in a state of misery and utter destitution, all of whose property had been stolen or confiscated by the National Convention. All these were each, and at once, allowed a guinea a month, to be supplemented, as the committee trusted, by private contributions. A little later, fifteen nuns, with their chaplain, had fled to England from Hoogstrate in Brabant; these likewise obtained a similar benefaction. Some ruined and exiled nuns from Montargis also received an immediate gift of £50.

About this time some excitement was occasioned at Winchester through a certain Rev. Jacques Couvet having converted a woman to the Roman Catholic faith. It appears that some English people with a taste for controversy, and a holy horror of Popery, had often made certain free, if not insulting, comments on the Catholic religion. This led to a retort, a verbal controversy, and some confusion and dark rumors. It was, however, a mere storm in a teacup.

A few months afterwards, complaints were made that some of the exiled clergy were printing Roman Catholic books with a Winchester printer. This, it turned out, was one small book of "Meditations," in French, and was not intended to be used for purposes of proselytizing. Then complaints were formulated that the exiled bishops were conferring holy orders on some of the ecclesiastical students or probationers. This greatly offended the mayor of Winchester, two parish doctors, a brewer, a man midwife, and a house-agent. The Bishop of Winchester, Dr. Brownlow North, was appealed to; but sending the complaint to the Committee of Relief, that body secured the services

* Its terms stood thus: I acknowledge that the whole community of French citizens is the sovereign power; and I promise submission and obedience to the laws of the republic.

of Prebendary Dr. Henry Sturges, to inquire into the matter. He did so, and the following, dated 23rd March, 1796, is extracted from his formal report:—

I confess I have considered their general conduct as exemplary in the highest degree. I have upon all occasions, and to all persons I give this testimony to them, and bear it still with pleasure, that during their continuance here, which is now, I think, above three years, I have never known any of them accused of any behavior unbecoming, and have heard all them with whom I am well acquainted, express in the strongest terms their gratitude for the protection, the relief, and the humanity they have experienced from us. To be unjust to them at this period of our kindness, would be casting a shade on the brightest instance of National Benevolence, by which, in my opinion, any Christian country was ever distinguished.

During the five or six years in which they remained in England, many of them died in exile. Their silent and patiently endured sufferings, anxieties, fears, and sorrows, bore them down. Month after month tidings reached England of the horrors which still continued to desolate the fair places of their beautiful country and broken-up homes. Friends, allies, leaders, the truest and the noblest of the old families, as they learned by report and communications, were irretrievably ruined. Thus mental sorrow, combined with old age, true patriotism, and ordinary infirmities, led many to a last resting-place in the churchyards of England.

At Dorchester in Oxfordshire, where the old yeoman family of Davey had generously received the Archdeacon of Dol, that respected dignitary died, and was buried in the south aisle of the cathedral church there, at the expense of Dr. Gauntlett, warden of New College. The following lines, exactly reproduced, still remain on the slab over his remains:—

To the Memory of the Rev. Michael Thounin Desvalpon, aged 62, D.D. and C.L., Arch Deacon and Vicar General of Dol in Brittany, a Man conspicuous for his Deep Knowledge and his Moral Virtues. Exiled since 1792 for his Religion and his King, favorably received by the English Nation. Deceased at Overy, March 2nd, 1798, greatly indebted to the family of Mr. Davey, and interred in this Church at the Request and Expence of the Rev. Dr. Guantelett, Warden of New College, Oxon. R.I.P.

The Rev. Michael Douence had died in London early during his exile and the committee had allowed the sum of £6 7s. 3d. for his funeral expenses, a similar amount being apportioned in all other

cases of death. Another cleric, as the Bishop of St. Pol de Leon learned, had likewise passed to his rest, and had "left 200 livres, by will, for the Relief Fund." In old St. Pancras' churchyard, at Winchester, Oxford, Chichester, Lewes, Chelsea, Diss, Hughendon, Windsor, Salisbury, and Plymouth, several of the exiles were solemnly interred. At Thame, at least two others were buried under the shadow of the old church tower, and their names and offices are thus recorded in the register:—

Burials.—Jan. 18, 1796. Rev. Wm. Chandlermerle, French Priest of the Parish of St. Thurian, Town of Quintin, Diocese of St. Brieux, Province of Brittany, aged 69. [This should be 59.]

1797 . . . Rev. John Benign le Bihan, French Priest, Rector of St. Martin des Pres, Diocese of Quimper, Province of Brittany, aged 60.

Regarding this Oxfordshire town and the exiles, I may add the following, which tells its own story, from a letter dated Oct. 13, 1798.

Before those who returned home left the town, they publicly thanked God in the prayers of the Church (of England) on a day set apart for His mercies and blessings to them, and acknowledged the hospitalities of the English people. The Vicar preached on the occasion of this occurrence, and a beautiful and touching sermon it was. The French priests revered him greatly. He had buried some of their number in the churchyard, when the services were very solemnly done; and they left him memorials of their affection and respect both as a friend and as the clergyman of the Parish.

Their presence in various parts of England, their high bearing, sound principles, and religious demeanor, tended largely to soften British prejudice against the faith of their forefathers. The strong language of the Edwardian "Homilies," the Armada, Guy Fawkes's conspiracy, the policy of James II., all more or less began to be looked at from a somewhat different point of view, as Sir Walter Scott most acutely remarked, when so many of the British people beheld the blameless lives and dignified patience of these exiled clergy.

In the case of my own great-grandfather, a country gentleman of only moderate means, out of an income of £1,500 a year, he allowed the exiles at Thame no less than £250 per annum for more than four years, over and above the monthly grant from London. And when, to avoid extra

expenses, for funds were dwindling, the London Committee of Relief ordered brown or "black bread," as it was then termed, to be served out to the inmates of the King's House at Winchester, he privately volunteered to make up the difference in cost, and did so by a quarterly donation for nearly two years. Moreover, the exiles at Thame were constant guests at his table.

Pleasant and interesting memories of these French clergy in England still linger traditionally in Oxfordshire. Here and there the lost or broken threads have been recovered by careful inquiry and research, and several curious facts taken from old letters and recently found memoranda. I have always dwelt on such memories with interest; and these, in conjunction with other reflections, led me to put on record in a "History of the Church of Thame" (preface, p. vii., London, 1883), the following, as I hold, not unreasonable remarks:

It will have been noticed by the watchful that almost every modern treatise regarding the philosophy of history is now carefully written in the interests of a bold theory of democracy, easily enough set forth when historical facts are ignored and principles passed by; but inherently and utterly unsound. No system of government can be complete which does not culminate in a legitimate monarchy, based on hereditary succession. Let the head of any State be but the product of election, and he is by consequence only the leader of a party; neither the father nor representative of the whole people, nor the authoritative guardian of their rights and liberties.

FREDERICK GEORGE LEE, D.D.

From Nature.

DESICCATED HUMAN REMAINS.

SOME time ago, Signor S. Marghieri, the Mexican archaeologist, while exploring the eastern side of the Sierra Madre Mountains, in Mexico, at an elevation of nearly seven thousand feet, discovered and explored a hermetically sealed cave. The floor was nearly smooth, the sides rough and rugged, and the vault covered with stalactites. As the far end of the cave, which was of considerable dimensions, four mummified human bodies were found. The bodies—a full-grown male and female, and a boy and girl—were in a sitting posture, hands crossed on the breast, and knees approaching the chin, with the head inclined forward. They were all carefully enshrouded in burial garments, and accurately placed facing

the rising sun. We may suppose that the elder male and female were husband and wife. They sat side by side; the elder child, a boy, was placed to the right of the father; the younger, a little girl, to the left of the mother. There was no trace of any implements, utensils, or personal effects; nor were there on the walls hieroglyphics or pictographs. The cave had been sealed by means of sun-dried adobe bricks, and adobe paste or plaster, together with natural rocks from the mountain. So well was the work done that none but an acute observer would have noticed the artificial closure.

The bodies were brought to San Francisco, and bought by Mr. J. Z. Davis, by whom they were presented to the State Mining Bureau, in the archaeological department of which they are now preserved. The following description of them is taken from a careful report drawn up by Dr. Winslow Anderson, for the Board of Trustees of the California State Mining Bureau:—

These naturally mummified bodies differ from mummies proper, in the general acceptance of the term, inasmuch as no embalming process for their preservation was used. They were desiccated in their cave sepulchre by natural elements. The dry hot atmosphere extracted all the moisture from the tissues, and the bodies literally dried up as we would dry jerk-beef, or as the Indians of to-day dry the bison (buffalo) meat which keeps for years.

There is no evidence of these bodies having undergone any preparatory process. The brain, heart, lungs, abdominal and pelvic viscera are all intact and dried to a solid consistency.

The elder male body is about five feet eight inches tall, and well proportioned. The bones are large, and he must have had an excellent physique. He probably weighed between one hundred and eighty and two hundred pounds. All the body now weighs is fourteen pounds.

The integument is well preserved, and presents the appearance of dried hide, or thick parchment, of a dark gray color, and all that remains between it and the bones are the dried muscles, tendons, nerves, and fascia. The body is well developed, the shoulders, measuring from one acromion process to the other, three hundred and ninety millimetres (about fifteen and a half inches); the hands are small, and the fingers tapering; the feet are also small, measuring two hundred and forty millimetres (about nine and a half inches), and highly arched. The

phalanges of the digits are perfect, each having the normal number of bones, and the ungual appendages are well preserved and not unusually long.

The body has dried in the sitting posture, hands crossed and knees drawn towards the chin. The cheek and lips on the left side protrude. This probably occurred during the time of mummification; the moisture leaking from the interior of the brain and surrounding tissues, through the cribriform plate of the ethmoid at the anterior portion of the calvaria, through the cribriform foramina into the inferior meatus nasi, and the head being inclined toward the left, produced this bulging from the force of gravitation. Being itself in turn dried up, the mouth maintained its present shape. Short stiff hairs can be seen on the head. The eyebrows and eyelashes are also distinctly visible. A little hair can also be noticed on the upper lip, but very little beard anywhere on the face. The ears are closely pressed against the sides of the head, and only the cartilages remain. The eyes are quite perfect, and present a slight outward obliquity. The nose, originally broad, has been more flattened by the shrinking of the cartilages and the *alæ nasi*. The lips are stiff and solid, and the tongue is shrivelled to the consistency of cork. There is a full set of masticators in his mouth, thirty-two in number, and all quite well preserved. A few of the dentures only have the enamel worn down to the dentine. The ribs are large and well formed, indicative of a well-shaped chest. The genitalia are well preserved. On the head there has been a large growth of hair, on the face very little, and on the body scarcely any at all.

Owing to the dried integument and fascia covering the cranium, accurate measurements of the skull are well-nigh impossible. The following measurements, however, have been made with as much care and accuracy as the subject permitted. The cranial measurements are as follows: circumference, 530 millimetres; length, occipito-frontal, 178 mm.; breadth, bi-bregmatic, 140 mm.; breadth of frontal, 108 mm.; height, 135 mm.; facial angle, 71° .

The sutures and wormian bones cannot be inspected. The malar bones are quite prominent and the lower maxillary and face may be classified with the group orthognathous.

A careful study of this mesocephalic head would indicate that its possessor was of more than average intelligence. The perceptive are well developed. And although the animal passions undoubtedly

predominate, there is enough veneration or religion to class it among the scaphocephalic skulls.

The elder female body is in a better state of preservation than the preceding body. From a measurement of the individual bones, she would be about five feet five inches tall, and weighed, perhaps, about one hundred and fifty to one hundred and seventy pounds. The body weighs, in its present condition, only twelve pounds. The posture, integument, body, etc., resemble the one previously described. The large, oval pelvis, and the once well-developed mammar bear unmistakable evidence of gestation. The hands and feet are small and well shaped; the foot measuring only two hundred and fifty millimetres (about eight and one half inches). On the head is a luxuriant growth of hair, which centuries have not succeeded in destroying. It is very fine in texture, of a dark brown color, and entirely unlike any Indian hair seen to-day. A curious feature is observed in connection with the small, well-proportioned ears, both of which are perfectly preserved, and that is, in each lobe is worn, even in the stillness of death, a piece of hollow bamboo or reed, about forty millimetres in length, and ten millimetres in diameter. This was probably considered an ornament in her day. The Indians of to-day pierce the helix and anti-helix of the ear, through which holes they suspend ornaments of different kinds. The single perforation in the lobe of this mummified woman's ear would indicate a custom observed by her people, similar to the customs in vogue in the more civilized countries, and are not usually observed by Indians of our own period.

The eyes are singularly perfect, presenting a slightly outward and upward obliquity of the external canthi. The nose is also quite perfect, and inclined to be rather broad and flat than thin and protruding. The malar bones are very prominent. The lips are thin and stiff, and the tongue is dried and solid. Two central incisores and one canine of the superior maxillary are gone, and several other teeth are badly caried.

Here, again, the hair and dried integument prevent absolutely accurate cranial measurements. The skull measures: circumference, 503 millimetres; length, occipito-frontal, 156 mm.; breadth, bi-bregmatic, 128 mm.; breadth of frontal, 103 mm.; height, 132 mm.; facial angle, 69° .

This skull presents a large forehead and well-developed reasoning powers. It

is very rare to find so good a head among Indian women of to-day.

The little boy seems to have been about seven years old. The little fellow had been enveloped in his burial shrouds the same as the larger bodies — hands crossed on the chest, knees doubled on the breast, and the head inclined forward. All the bodies were probably tied in this position when placed in the cave. The body is about three feet tall, and weighs now only three pounds. The same general characteristics as to skin, tissues, bones, etc., that were observed in the preceding bodies, may also be seen here. The head is well developed for a boy of his age. The hair has been broken off near the scalp. Only the cartilaginous parts of the ears remain. There is the same contour of face — flat nose, high cheek-bones, outward obliquity of the eyes, etc. The upper and lower incisors and canine of the temporary or milk teeth are gone, and the permanent set coming at their roots in the alveolar processes.

The two anterior molars of the superior maxillary are just appearing through the alveolar processes, establishing the age with tolerable accuracy at about seven years.

In circumference the skull measures 440 millimetres; length, occipito-frontal, 146 mm.; breadth, bi-bregmatic, 120 mm.; breadth of frontal, 60 mm.; height, 114 mm.; facial angle, 71° .

A considerable part of the burial shroud remains about the body yet. The major portion of it is cotton fabric, firmly secured around the body by a stronger cord, made of braided hair.

The little girl may have been about fourteen to eighteen months of age. She weighs only a pound and a half. She has been enveloped in an animal's skin, the better to protect the tender frame. Both feet are gone, and the tibiae and fibulae protrude through the skin. The four upper and four lower incisors, with the corresponding canine teeth, have made their appearance, showing the child to be about fourteen to eighteen months old. Otherwise the same features are noticeable in this as in the preceding figures.

It would appear that the group of four belong to one family, and that they were buried by friends, and hermetically sealed in this cave for fear of some real or imaginary foe. It may have been at the time of the Spanish invasion, or it may have been during the warlike times anterior to this date, when the Aztec confederation was warring with the Toltec people.

From their physical and mental developments the race seems to have been a superior one.

The facial features observed in these bodies are not those found in that locality now. The cranial configurations and physical appearances would rather favor Aztec lineaments than those of the Indian of to-day. The fine dark brown hair is certainly not Indian, nor do the small hands and feet bear much resemblance to the huge hands and feet we see on the Indians now living.

The fabrics found on the bodies, forming the burial shrouds, are chiefly composed of cotton, hair, hide, grasses, and the bark of willows. The cotton is twisted and coarsely woven, each thread being from a half to one millimetre in diameter. The hair is treated in like manner occasionally, although usually it is braided with three or four divisions in each cord. Frequently we find strong strands made of strips of hide covered with willow bark.

Although the weaving of this interesting people is that known as the "plain" process — that is, where the weft passes alternately under and over the threads of the warp, producing more or less open-mesh cloth — yet considerable skill and ingenuity were observed in the manufacturing of their blankets, mats, and ornamental cloths, which were frequently interwoven with beads and colored threads, presenting various designs. Grasses and straws were also woven into mats and cloths, which were of great durability. The skins of animals were also used for clothing purposes.

From Nature.

THE ASTRONOMICAL OBSERVATORY OF PEKIN.

In the course of a lecture delivered before the Pekin Literary Society, on the Astronomical Observatory of the Chinese capital, Professor Russell said that it is the oldest in the world. The oldest in Europe is that of Denmark, founded in 1576 by Frederick III., at which Tycho Brahé made his famous observations. The Royal Observatory at Paris was not opened till 1671, and that of Greenwich three years later. The Pekin Observatory was established in 1279, in the reign of Kublai Khan, the first emperor of the Mongol dynasty, and three of the original instruments yet remain. In 1378, these instruments were probably used in observ-

ing Halley's comet, and they will be used twenty-two years hence to witness its next return. If the visitor enters by a door in the south wall of the observatory, he comes into a court running east and west. In this court are kept the three original instruments. There were four at one time, but the fourth, a celestial globe, has disappeared. Kuo Shouching, a Chinese astronomer, who flourished in the reign of Kublai Khan, was the maker of these. Before their construction, bronze astronomical instruments, which were made about the year 1050, were used, first at K'ai Feng Fu, the capital of Honan, whence they were removed to Peking. Kuo Shouching found these worn out by age, and otherwise unsuitable, as the height of the pole differed by 4° ; and so he constructed four instruments, of which three now remain. In the east end of the court is the equatorial armillary, which is made of bronze, and consists of (1) a massive horizontal circle, held up at four corners by four dragons, each of which with one upraised palm supports the bronze circle, while round the other palm a chain is passed and fastened behind to a small bronze pillar,—the dragons are themselves works of art; (2) a double vertical circle firmly connected with the horizontal circle at its north and south points, and supported at its lowest point by a bronze pillar. On the vertical circle, which, like the other, is fixed, at a distance equal to the latitude of Peking, that is 40° , are two pivots corresponding to the north and south poles. Revolving round these pivots are two circles, one double, corresponding to the solstitial colure—that is, the great circle passing through the poles and the solstices; the other single, corresponding to the equinoctial solure—that is, the great circle through the poles and the equinoxes. Half-way between the poles is another circle, which corresponds to the equator, the rim of which is let into the two colure circles. There is also another circle, making with the latter an angle of $23\frac{1}{4}^{\circ}$, and corresponding to the ecliptic. Finally, inside these circles, all of which revolve together round the polar axis, there is another double circle, representing the polar circle or declination, and between the rims of this double circle revolves the hollow tube through which observations were made. It is probable that there were originally threads across the tube to define the line of sight. There are in the circles $365\frac{1}{4}^{\circ}$ —that is, a degree for each day in the year—and each degree is subdivided into divisions of $10'$ each.

When using this instrument the observer turned round the inner circle till the heavenly body was sighted in the centre of the tube, and then the distance of the star was read from the pole on the polar circle, and its position on the equator by the equatorial circle. The complex construction was in some particulars of no use whatever; the ecliptic and one of the colures were useless. At the west end of the court are the other two instruments, the equatorial, or astrolabe, and the altitude and azimuth instrument. The former is remarkably simple in its construction. There is a fixed bronze circle placed parallel to the equator, and there is another double circle perpendicular to it, which moves round an axis passing through the centre of and perpendicular to the equatorial circle. Of course there is also the hollow tube for observation. This instrument is free from the clumsiness and complexity of the first-named instrument, and in the form of its mounting much more closely resembles those in use at present in all observatories than the other instruments. The altitude and azimuth instrument consists of two circles, one horizontal and fixed, the other vertical and movable round an axis passing through the centre of the horizontal circle, and was used to observe the altitudes of the heavenly bodies and their distances from the north and south points. It is curious to observe that all these instruments are exactly similar to those constructed by Tycho Brahé, the great Danish astronomer, who was the first European to make astronomical instruments of metal. And thus we see that the Chinese anticipated European astronomers by at least three centuries, and that the former had at that very early date attained great proficiency both in the science of astronomy and the art of metal-carving. Verbiest, the Jesuit father, says that these instruments had, at the beginning of the present dynasty, fallen into disrepair. The truth was that they were far too clumsy, and were so heavy that it took several men to move them; and in some positions, from the profuseness of ornament, the stars could not be observed at all. Besides they had got out of position, and there were no appliances for righting them. It is more than probable that during the latter part of the Ming dynasty astronomy had been neglected, and so the old instruments fell into disuse. In the year 1670, so bad were the old instruments, that Verbiest was ordered to make six new instruments. It appears that when the high ministers of state were

ordered to go to the observatory, and make certain observations, the calculations of Verbiest were verified as correct, while those of Wu Ming Hsuen, the Chinese astronomer, were proved to be wrong. And so Verbiest was intrusted with the calculation of the calendar and the construction of these instruments, which were of the same general character as the old instruments, but much more accurate, and more easily adjustable. The circles are divided into 360° , and each degree into six parts of $10'$ each. By means of the diagonal scale and a movable divided scale, the observer could, on the new instruments of Verbiest, read to $15''$ instead of $10'$ as in the old instruments. Since the time of Verbiest two more instruments have been added — namely, an altitude and azimuth instrument, in the fifty-fourth year of Kang Hsi (1715), the other an equatorial armillary in the ninth year of Khien Lung (1745). The former is said to have been a present from Louis XIV. to the emperor, but by some it is attributed to a German Jesuit, named in Chinese Kilian, and is remarkable for the total absence of ornamentation, and for the degrees being marked in foreign numerals. One of the most curious objects in the observatory is the Qw'ei Ying T'ang, a three-roomed building lying a few yards to the south of the steps. It is evidently very old. In it is a stone slab 16 feet 2 inches long and 2 feet 7 inches broad, with a groove on both sides, and raised about 3 feet above the ground. At the south end of the slab is a brass pillar, which was formerly 8 feet high, but to which the present dynasty have added 2 feet more, extending to the roof, and at its summit is a small circular hole $\frac{1}{4}$ inch in diameter. Another brass pillar 3 feet 5 inches high stands at the north end of the slab. At noon the sun shines through the little hole in the roof, and throws an elliptical shadow of the sun on the slab, or on the brass pillar at the north end about the winter solstice. By observing the distance of the sun's image from the foot of the south brass pillar the solstices and equinoxes were determined. For instance, at the summer solstice the distance should be 2 feet 9 inches. The instruments of Verbiest are almost perfect of their kind, and will remain a lasting memorial of the industry and genius of the devoted mis-

sionary. At the time that he made them they were growing out of date in Europe. The telescope had already begun to be used largely in astronomical observations, and Verbiest must have known of it. The question arises, How does it happen that the Chinese, who in the thirteenth century were far ahead of Europe in the construction of these instruments, seem to have made no headway since? Many reasons can be given, but the chief one is that with them the main object of making astronomical observations was to regulate the calendar, and to give the time to the people; and for this accurate instruments were not needed, and their want was never felt. The greater problems of the heavens never seriously attracted the attention of the Chinese astronomers. The Astronomical Board consists of eighteen officials, with the fifth prince, an uncle of the emperor, at their head. There are, including students, altogether one hundred and ninety-six persons attached to the Board. The privilege of becoming a member of this Board has become hereditary, though it is not of necessity so. The policy, however, pursued by the Board, of keeping secret the book tables of the sun and moon, and everything used in regulating the almanac, tends to encourage the hereditary principle. No one can see them but the relatives of the Board; and so vacancy after vacancy is filled up by members of the same family as the predecessor, and as the office is an honorary, and not a lucrative, one, the people do not grumble at their exclusion. The principal duty of this Board is to prepare the calendar, the most important book published in China. Besides astronomical facts, it gives the lucky and unlucky days, on the latter of which no Chinese will transact the least business. Another duty is to observe eclipses, and this appears to be the only occasion on which the instruments are still used. On every New Year's eve, at midnight, astronomers from the Board seat themselves in the observatory, and watch the way in which the wind blows a number of banners which are hung around. As the wind blows, so will the new year be. This year the wind blew from the north-east, the fortunate direction, and therefore it will be a year of long life and plenty.

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